

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 19, 1952

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Page 2

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 19, 1952 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Box 4098WW, G.P.O. Vol. 20, No. 25

## GIVING LESSONS IN DEMOCRACY

In a recent speech the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, said that Australians could learn a lesson in democracy from their surf life-savers.

He said the hard work and self-sacrifice of the life-savers, combined with their self-discipline, represented the attitude the average person should have to his own life as a member of the community.

*The coming of summer means a busy time for the life-savers and the volunteer fire brigades.*

They are perhaps Australia's two greatest volunteer community services.

*Young life-savers are on patrol nearly all their summer week-ends. Even before the season begins they spend many hours training and repairing and renewing essential gear.*

The volunteer fire-fighters have an equally dangerous and often more unpleasant job.

Many of them have to defend their own homes and properties.

Often the task of these organisations could be made easier if the general public was more careful.

The foolhardy surfer who won't obey a few simple rules and the careless picnicker who leaves a fire behind may cost a fellow citizen his life.

*The life-savers and volunteer fire-fighters are an inspiration to their fellows.*

Few people could help thinking that while such bodies can flourish there can't be a great deal wrong with the spirit of the Australian people.

## Our cover:

• Our cover shows the two Royal children, Princess Anne and Prince Charles, the Heir Apparent to the Throne. Princess Anne stares, fascinated and unselfconscious, at the camera, while the young Prince shows signs of some of the sweet shyness of childhood.

## This week:

• Anne Matheson, who cabled the story from London about Prince Charles' birthday, which appears on page 4, tells us that riding breeches and a velvet riding cap will soon be added to the Prince's wardrobe, which is unconventional but includes plenty of tough clothes a boy can knock about in. "It is the Duke of Edinburgh's influence that has set new fashions for English children," said Anne. "One particular style that caught on quickly was the deerstalker hat that Philip had made for his son. Both Prince Charles and Princess Anne, incidentally, wear strong, sensible shoes that aren't discarded until the toes are kicked right out."

## Next week:

• Most fascinating part of the Duchess of Kent's tour of South-East Asia with her 17-year-old son was their visit to Borneo, as the color pictures we publish next week show. The Kents were entertained in right royal style by sultans, and they saw much of the primitive, ancient splendor which makes Borneo, to the outside world at least, such a fabled place. These color pictures we will have next week, like the others we have published in recent issues of Marina and the young Duke, were made available by special arrangement with the Singapore "Straits Times," whose photographers, we think, have done a magnificent job.

• Artist Elisabeth MacIntyre (who draws the weekly "Mother" cartoon for us) next week gives instructions, with examples in color, on how to make your own Christmas cards.

## Fascinating story of the people of the deer

Book review by  
AINSLIE BAKER

In the 1890's an explorer named Tyrell discovered in the vast, treeless land of the Canadian Barrens a race of men where it had been thought no man could live.

In "People of the Deer," Farley Mowat, the first white man to visit these people for more than 50 years, makes an intensely interesting report on the time he spent living with this ancient dying race.

Commonly referred to as inland Eskimos, the Ihalmuts' own name for their race is "innuit," which simply means "mankind." The term Eskimo is unknown to them, and was originally used by the Indians in referring to the Ihalmuts.

Translated, Eskimo means "eaters of raw meat."

So important are the vanishing deer to the life of the Ihalmuts that their tents are pitched with the doorways facing north, the direction from which the migrating deer will come.

It is from the deer that the Ihalmuts draw their very life. Deer flesh is their chief item of diet, their tents are made of deer hide, dried deer sinew makes the thread that sews their clothes, and deer horn was used for many of their ancient weapons and domestic utensils.

Mowat, a zoologist, has some fascinating things to say about the seasonal migrations of the deer herds up and down the great Barrens.

He attributes the decline of the once numerous Ihalmuts into the pathetic remnant existing to-day to the appearance early last century of the white man's trading posts.

Once great hunters of the deer, their chief food,

## Quote:

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.

—Andrew Marvell.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

## HOW TO SOOTHE HEARTBURN



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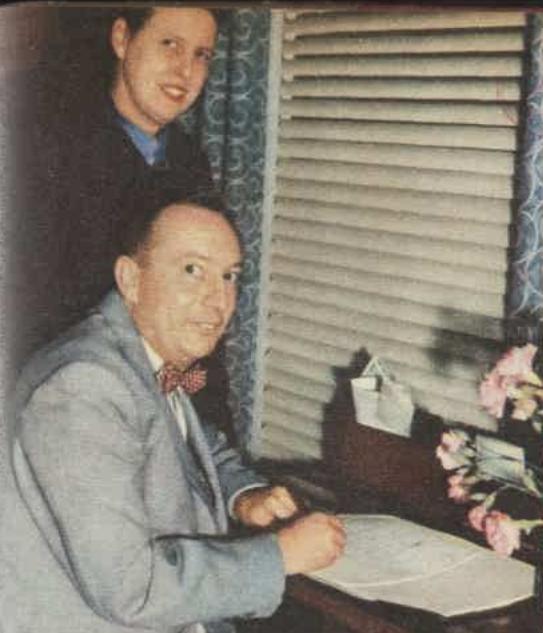
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**NYAL**  
**KWIK-TAN**



## Oil will soon make Kwinana a boom town

By WIN BISSET, staff reporter

The small township of Kwinana in Western Australia has been hustled into life by the decision of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to build a £40,000,000 oil refinery there.

Bulldozers are now beating down the virgin bush, and electric lines are making a start on this tremendous project.

AMERICAN civil engineer Mr. Gordon Jones, of Smithfield, Virginia, who is in charge of contract to build the refinery, recently arrived at Kwinana.

Mr. John Hilton, president of the Progress Association for Kwinana, said last month when the site for the refinery was announced, "I feel that Kwinana will grow beyond his wildest dreams."

Mr. Hilton and his wife, who have three children, both served in the forces during the war. They have been in Australia for three years. They left England to get away from atom bombs," they said jokingly, "and now find ourselves in one of the most terrible spots in Australia." However, both feel they are living in a "terrifically exciting time" in Western Australia's industrial history.

Mr. Hilton thinks that Kwinana, which now has a population of 150, will eventually be a city of 20,000 people.

Another local identity is Ernest Wells, who opened the first store in Kwinana in 1928 when the town had no official name.

He called his shop after the old sailing ship "Kwinana" in the bay.

Thousands of people used to come at week-ends to see the wreck and to swim at the nearby beach.

The "Kwinana," which was built in the 'twenties, was nearly the "Darius," an old India vessel used to carry cavalry remounts to India.

It was sold to the Western Australian Government and renamed "Kwinana," a native word meaning "Go ahead."

BY 1956 most of the petrol needed in Australia will be refined locally — an important factor in defence.

Major oil companies are planning to spend about a hundred million pounds in the next three years on new refineries and extensions to existing plants.

The Anglo-Iranian Company, which is building the refinery at Kwinana, W.A., recently lost its big refinery at Abadan, Persia, which left world gap of about 46,000 barrels of refined petroleum products a day. Kwinana will produce 3,000,000 tons of petroleum products a year.

On her last trip fire broke out just after she left Geraldton. After extensive damage she was towed to Fremantle and later to Careening Bay.

About two years later a big storm broke her loose and she drifted to the spot now known as Kwinana.

When Mr. and Mrs. Wells and her brother built the store there were no water and no amenities.

To give the people fresh milk Mr. Wells used to walk a cow from Spearwood, near Fremantle, to Kwinana and milk it on the spot.

There is solid personal satisfaction for the Mayor of Fremantle, Mr. W. F. Samson, in the choice of Kwinana for the refinery.

He sees Fremantle, which is 15 minutes' run from Kwinana, as the heart of a great new industrial centre.

Mr. Samson is the grandson of Mr. Lionel Samson, who paid his own fare to Australia

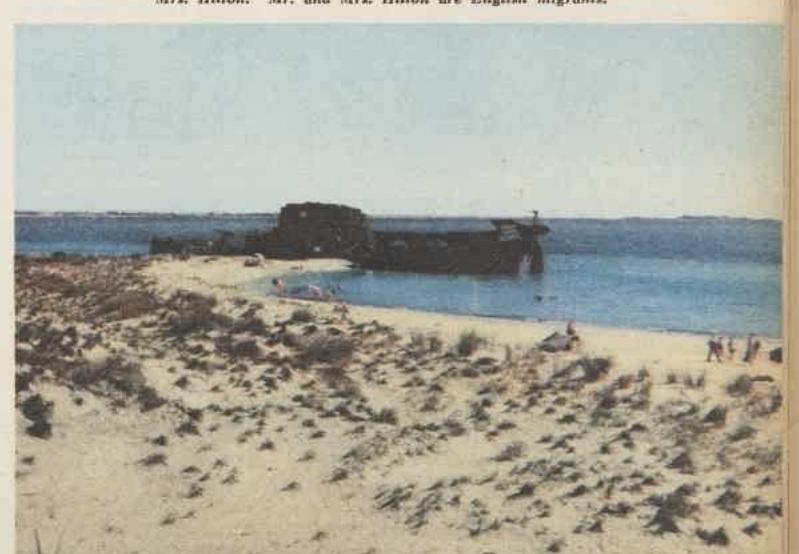


**U.S. ENGINEER** Gordon Jones and his wife, who arrived in Australia recently (left). Mr. Jones will supervise building of the Anglo-Iranian Oil refinery at Kwinana, W.A.

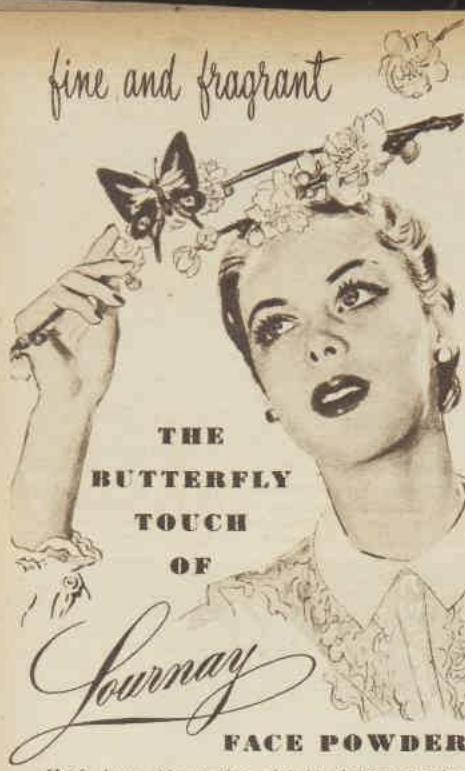
**INDUSTRIAL SITE.** Area in the quiet little seaside town on which the £40,000,000 refinery is to be built. Population, now 150. It is expected to be, eventually, 20,000.



**FIRST RESIDENT** of Kwinana, Mrs. Ernest Wells (left) talks of the town's future with storekeeper Mr. John Hilton, president of the Kwinana Progress Association, and Mrs. Hilton. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton are English migrants.



**WRECK** of the old "Kwinana," after which the town was named, is a landmark for summer visitors who picnic on the beach.



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# Fourth birthday of Prince Charlie Boy

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Main attraction at the fourth birthday party of Prince Charles, in the nursery at Buckingham Palace on November 14, is a cake made up of four circles with four 12-inch-high candles.

ON the cake are jellied characters from nursery rhymes. Around it are chocolate soldiers in red coats and bearskins.

Prince Charles is "mad about soldiers." He salutes the regimental colors as the troops pass, and, blowing a toy bugle, marches his small sister round the nursery.

At the age of four, the Heir Apparent is a typical, rough-and-tumble little boy.

Although his title is Duke of Cornwall, he is "Charles" to everyone at Buckingham Palace, including the servants.

But to his mother and father he is "Charlie Boy," a pet name taken from a favorite child character in one of the English comic strips.

This pet name is indicative of the simple upbringing Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are giving the boy who will one day assume the burden of monarchy. They do not even want him to know yet that he is a Prince.

Among Prince Charles' presents this year is a collection of nursery gramophone recordings.

Romping and blowing bubbles are Prince Charles' more boisterous ways of expressing his love of music, but beating time for the band is his favorite morning enjoyment.

The new nurseries at Buckingham Palace overlook the quadrangle, and passers-by can often see the Prince keeping time with the blind tassel.

Recently the blind flew to the ceiling and a startled Prince Charles jumped from his chair to see just what had happened.

Prince Charles has asked for a cine camera for his birthday. I learned this from a personal friend of the Queen who told me he loves nothing better than to "pose" for his mother, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

On his father's desk is a favorite color picture taken by the Queen of her son in "Jackie Coogan" clothes running downstairs laughing. Prince Philip is proud not only of his son but of his wife's photography.

Since neither the Queen nor Prince Philip approves of the children being spoilt by too many gifts, many presents are hidden till birthdays and Christmases.

This birthday, for instance,

Prince Charles is getting the miniature bagpipes given to his father for him last August, and put away until now.

Now that Prince Charles is four he will learn to ride his Shetland pony, Cloudy. Cloudy is stabled in the Royal Mews at Windsor, and for the past year has been ridden by another child to accustom the pony to a rider.

His riding lessons will start in the spring during weekends at Windsor.

At first he will ride in a basket secured to the saddle. This saddle was given to him as a birthday present two years ago, but was put away with other presents until he was older.

Prince Charles is a devoted big brother to his sister, Princess Anne.

The two Royal children are as different in temperament and character as they are in looks.

The young Prince has his mother's sunny smile and the concentration and calm of his grandmother, the Queen Mother. Princess Anne is very like her father. She is restless and very quick, with a touch of the Mountbatten volatility. She has a remarkably keen sense of humor and speaks well for her age.

Prince Charles has his



PRINCE CHARLES with his grandmother, the Queen Mother (left), looks up at his mother, Queen Elizabeth. This year the Prince became Heir Apparent and Duke of Cornwall.

imitating the workman with a shooting stick for a rock drill and asked the little boy what he was doing, he was told to "shove off."

Charles' daily round includes feeding his pet rabbit and keeping his sister from embracing it too fiercely. He is devoted to this rabbit which he took with him to Balmoral this summer and brought back again.

The Queen has ruled that Princess Anne is too young yet for pets and Charles makes this quite clear to his sister.

## "Shove off," he told his father

He has a very clear voice and is never at a loss for words.

When he arrived back from Balmoral he left the train holding Princess Margaret's hand. Asked by the station-master if he had had a nice journey, he said, "Yes, thank you. I slept very well."

Then he broke down formality by rushing to the Queen shouting, "Mummy! Mummy!" All sedateness forgotten, he scrambled into the waiting Royal car.

Because Charles had taken to wandering round Buckingham Palace chatting to visitors he met in the long corridors, small safety trellis gates have been fitted at the top of the stairs.

Privileged callers now see only two little noses pressed through the trellis.

Before the gates went up a visitor was accosted by Prince Charles, who asked, "What are you doing?" The reply was,

## 'Charlie Boy'

By DOUG WRIGHT



COMIC STRIP "Charlie Boy," which appears in the London Sunday Pictorial, is the source of the nickname the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have given their son, Prince Charles.



**NEW PRESIDENT and family.** From left are General Eisenhower, daughter-in-law Barbara Jean Thompson Eisenhower, and Mamie. In foreground are grandchildren Dwight David, Susan Elaine, and Barbara Anne.

## Mamie's smile won America for Ike She hates politics—but she is a born politician

Everyone agrees that Mamie Geneva Doud Eisenhower, America's new First Lady, played a major part in her husband's vote-slide victory.

She helped put Ike in the White House by doing something no lady is supposed to be able to do. She kept her charming mouth shut during the three months' election campaign.

SHE never made a speech, never looked like making one, never said much more than "thank you" or "you are very kind."

The outstanding thing about Mamie, who everyone seems to think will perform in the White House like Grace Coolidge, the poised First Lady of the 1920's, is that she isn't outstanding in any way. The thing that won the hearts of the electors was her smile.

This smile of Mamie's is like a pleasant infection you don't want to recover from. It gets you and holds you. There's extreme softness in it, and humor that comes in little jets from her china-blue eyes and runs down her high, broad cheekbones and her perfect skin into her broad mouth.

The smile of Mamie's is like a pleasant infection you don't want to recover from. It gets you and holds you. There's extreme softness in it, and humor that comes in little jets from her china-blue eyes and runs down her high, broad cheekbones and her perfect skin into her broad mouth.

She has wit as well, like the time when during the big celebration in New York after Ike returned from the war Mamie stayed in the background until there was a lull.

Then she stepped forward, patted her husband's sleeve and said, "General, may I touch you?"

When I travelled on the

the battle hymn of the Republicans.

The General wore a dinner-jacket. Mamie wore a dinner-gown of black lace with a boat neck, two-stranded pearls, pearl earrings, and a gold bracelet she has never been accustomed to a form of semi-public life.

Wherever Mamie has been during her husband's career—the U.S., Panama, the Philippines, Europe—Army officers

and other friends have always known Mamie's home as the "Club Eisenhower."

Just to make no mistakes, Secret Service men had already been guarding both Adlai Stevenson and Ike all day, but at this climaxing moment 30 stony-faced S.S. men closed in on the President-elect to begin a day-and-night guard that won't end while he is in office.

Mamie doesn't pose. She doesn't act. She is just a naturally friendly person. She doesn't challenge you to like her, either.

Far from it. What she does make you feel, even on the television screen, that you have known her all your life.

It's the way she has of gently pulling the hero's leg, of keeping the male in his proper place. Mamie looks ten years younger than her 56 years. She has no pretensions, and that's one of her great strengths.

"She has a way of concentrating on one person at a

**By RON MCKIE, in Winston-Salem, U.S.A.**

time," a young officer once said of her. "That's why I had the feeling I was the guest of honor every time the General's wife talked to me."

Unlike Bess Truman, who hated the life the White House imposed on her and who always gave the impression she had come in from the farm dressed up for the day and wanted to get home as soon as possible to milking, Mamie Eisenhower has for years been accustomed to a form of semi-public life.

Wherever Mamie has been during her husband's career—the U.S., Panama, the Philippines, Europe—Army officers

and other friends have always known Mamie's home as the "Club Eisenhower."

There they were certain that they could get a drink and listen to Mamie play her piano (she plays by ear and is no expert) and relax.

Friends of hers tell me she would prefer a quiet, private life, but that her new position and everything that goes with it at the White House won't worry her in the least.

"The centre of Washington and the nation will be just another 'post.' I will face the problems of the White House as I come to them" she says—and means it because she's that sort of person.

She is used to entertaining (though she doesn't like frilly hen parties), she dresses well (she looks best in all-tailored suits and owns at least a dozen of them). She prefers black and grey, and she collects

shoes as some people collect stamps.

She is noted for the perfection of her shoes and gloves. She is also very hat-conscious and once, when a local milliner presented her with a hat at a whistle stop during the campaign, she put it on immediately and wore it in that town all day.

Mamie has a deep, pleasant voice, a throaty laugh, and something else that will come in handy in the next four years—a politician's memory for names and faces.

That's her Army training.

Although she once said "Ike fights wars and I turn lamb chops," friends tell me that she is an appalling cook and that Ike nearly starved during their early married life.

But she likes good food and never has to diet.

Mamie's love of people and her reputation as a hostess indicate that the White House will be a good place to be invited to during the Republican regime there.

**No conversationalist**

THE new occupants of the White House, however, are not likely to make it the new centre of American intellectualism—something it would probably have become under Stevenson.

Mamie is no conversationalist. She has, however, the brains to let others talk, and her knowledge of most subjects is pretty limited.

In fact, the one subject she loathes most is the very one which made her husband President. Yes, it's politics! But she's a born politician, just the same.

Fundamentally, Mamie is a simple and charming woman

with her feet solidly on the ground. They have been so solidly there for the past three months that she wore out three pairs of shoes during the campaign and she still says, "My feet hurt."

From the early days of her marriage she decided that her basic role was as silent partner to Ike and her basic job to look after him and her family and to make them all "comfortable."

Most American women would probably think that the Presidential election day would be the most important one in their lives, but not Mamie.

"When you're first married and when your first child is born—those are the most important days in a woman's life," she says, and adds: "You know, I am a pushover for babies."

After the election the Eisenhowers flew to Georgia to spend a brief holiday at the cottage of famous golfer Bobby Jones, which stands near the 18th green of the National Golf Club.

The lovely rolling Georgia countryside is set with black pines, fading gold sycamores, azaleas, and oak trees.

The General relaxed by playing golf, fishing in a little lake behind the cottage, and watching his grandchildren so that they didn't fall in.

Ahead of him stretch four troubled years, vital to Americans and to Australians, too, because the two people's futures are intimately linked.

Behind is the long campaign in which, at whistle stops from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, four words stood out like a trademark of Ike's victory:

"Folks, here's my Mamie."

Page 5

# Surf team to show skill in Hawaii

Seven surf lifesavers will fly to Honolulu on January 10 to show Hawaiians Australian methods of surf rescue.

The men will be selected by the Surf Life Saving Association to represent all States.

Pictures on these two pages show the fine types of young men who will be eligible for selection. The names of the members of the team to represent the Commonwealth will be announced on December 15.



ABOVE: Coogee crew take their boat out over the breakers at North Wollongong, where one of the oldest New South Wales clubs is established.

BETWEEN: Parade of teams in a March Past Championship: Tasmania (left); Queensland; Henley, South Australia; New South Wales; and Western Australia.



RESCUE AND RESUSCITATION. Merv Butterfield, chief instructor of South Australia (in centre), watches the Burleigh Heads, Queensland, team winning its heat. Tasmanian team is on the right.



STALWART AUSTRALIANS. Standard-bearers on the dais. Alex Prior, superintendent of W.A. Surf Life Saving Association, is in foreground.



MARCH PAST. Wollongong (foreground) and Bulli in the march past at North Wollongong Surf Carnival. Teams consist of 12 men with reel and flag. Bondi's standard is on the right. Ampol Petroleum Ltd. will pay all the fares on the Hawaiian trip.



PARADE-GROUND PRECISION. Bondi team takes part in a march past with Maroubra and Bulli. The members of the team to go abroad will be picked for their ability to act as ambassadors for Australia, as well as for their life-saving skill and surf prowess.



JUDGING. Members of the Burleigh Heads team give a rescue and resuscitation demonstration. Judges are Myles Black, of Bondi (left), Andy Frizelle, Queensland (centre), and Alan Paterson, of Newcastle. The Schaeffer method of resuscitation is used.



POLISHING SURF SKIS. Supporters help team members at a surf carnival. The Australian voluntary system of beach patrols has received much praise abroad. Two men will be chosen from N.S.W. for the Hawaiian trip, and one from each other State.



**ATTRACTIVE MATRONS.** Two of the smartest matrons at Flemington on Oaks Day were Mrs. Bill McGowan (left), who wore a frock of charcoal-grey paper shantung and a large tulle hat, and Mrs. Leo Guest, formerly of Sydney, who was also in grey.



**ENGAGED.** Jill Pratten, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pratten, of Bellevue Hill, and Michael Meredith, only son of Dr. and Mrs. John Meredith, of Weston, Newcastle, who have announced their engagement. Mrs. Pratten recently returned from a seven-months trip abroad.



**AT FLEMINGTON.** The Governor of Tasmania, Sir Ronald Cross, with Mrs. Sam Hardern, who flew to Melbourne with her husband to see the Oaks run. Mrs. Hardern wore a navy-and-white ottoman frock under a navy coat lined with the same material.



**YOUNG HOSTS** Ross Gibson (left) and Max Raine with Mary Street and Bronwyn Poole at the party they gave at the home of Ross' mother, Mrs. Pat Hardy, of Caulfield, Max's mother, Mrs. E. R. Raine, helped receive the young guests, who danced in a marquee on the lawn.

**COUNTRY girls** Elizabeth Burtinshaw, of Grenfell, and Beulah Millingen, of Binalong, are busily preparing for their weddings on November 29.

Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Burtinshaw, will marry Peter Robertson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Robertson, of "Barwang," Young at St. John's, Young.

Beulah, only daughter of Mrs. R. A. Millingen, will marry Leon Garry, of "Mylora," Binalong, at St. Patrick's, Binalong.

Elizabeth will be attended by Mrs. Bill Middleton, Frances Burtinshaw, Ann Vicars, Peter's sister, Pat, and Sandy Griffiths.

The reception will be held at "Wonga," home of the Ted Marinas, of Young. Mrs. Burtinshaw has the mammoth task of cooking a wedding breakfast for 350 guests, and already quantities of luscious food are being stored in the household deep-freeze. Beulah's frock of white lace took six months to make by hand when she and her mother visited Brussels last year.

**NEWS** from Diana Scott Waine is that she is enjoying her job in Washington, where she does secretarial work for Sir Percy Spender in the Australian Embassy. She is sharing a flat with Sydney girl Joan Kennedy, and takes night classes in her pet hobby, interior decorating. Diana's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott Waine, sail in the Orcades on December 20 for a seven months' trip to the Continent. They will then go to America to see Diana and return to London for the Coronation.



**AT ST. JOSEPH'S.** John Roche and his bride, formerly Valmai Haber, of Melbourne, with Mrs. Ross McDonald and John's sisters, Jennifer and Josephine Roche, of Edgecliff, after their wedding at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff.



**AT PRINCES.** Mrs. Richard Curran (left) and Miss Gwen Astbury were among the smart women lunching at Princes. Mrs. Curran wore a soft tanpe wool frock and Miss Astbury's frock was of black and emerald-green printed cotton.

**THRILLED** that their home is about to be built are Barbara Moir, of Canberra, and her fiance, John Hay, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dalrymple Hay, of "Cleveden," Yass. They plan to be married early next year. Barbara is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Moir.

**THE** 12-year-old choir boys at St. Mark's, Darling Point, who sing at about 80 weddings a year, are practising wedding hymns for St. Mark's centenary "wedding service" this Sunday, November 16, at 7.15 p.m. All couples who have been married at the church are invited to the service. The late Sir John Harvey, who was Chief Judge in Equity, was a chorister at St. Mark's for 28 years.

**THREE** weeks' holiday in the south is planned by the Governor of Queensland, Sir John Lavarack, and Lady Lavarack. They will leave Brisbane on December 14 and will spend two days at Government House, Sydney. They will then go to Melbourne to say farewell to their son, Dr. John Lavarack, and his wife and family, who will leave shortly for England, where Dr. Lavarack, who won the C. J. Martin Fellowship recently, will continue his studies at King's College, London.

Before returning to Brisbane, Sir John and Lady Lavarack will visit Adelaide and stay with Lady Gosse for the Davis Cup matches.

**INTERESTING** account of the Duchess of Kent's visit to Borneo comes from Mrs. Gordon Aikman, who acted as official hostess for the Governor of Sarawak, Sir Anthony Abell, during the visit of the Duchess and her son, the Duke of Kent. Sir Anthony is a bachelor, and Mrs. Aikman, formerly Sheila McClelland, of Perth, whose husband is Chief Secretary of Sarawak, had the thrill of supervising the redecoration of the Astana, the official residence of the Governor at Kuching. She made several trips to Singapore to order furnishings and flowers for the Royal visit. The Duchess' room was done in pink and the Duke's in green.

**BRIEFLY** . . . After the wedding at St. John's, Parramatta, of Valerie Loutit, of "The Croft," Dundas, and John Fox, of Parramatta, Valerie's sister, Jean (Mrs. Donald Armstrong), flew to Persia to join her husband at Bahrain Island, where they will make their home. . . . Honeymooning at Mt. Buffalo are Sidney Gall, of "Mungan," Mungindi, and his bride, formerly Shirley Wennholm, of Bexley.

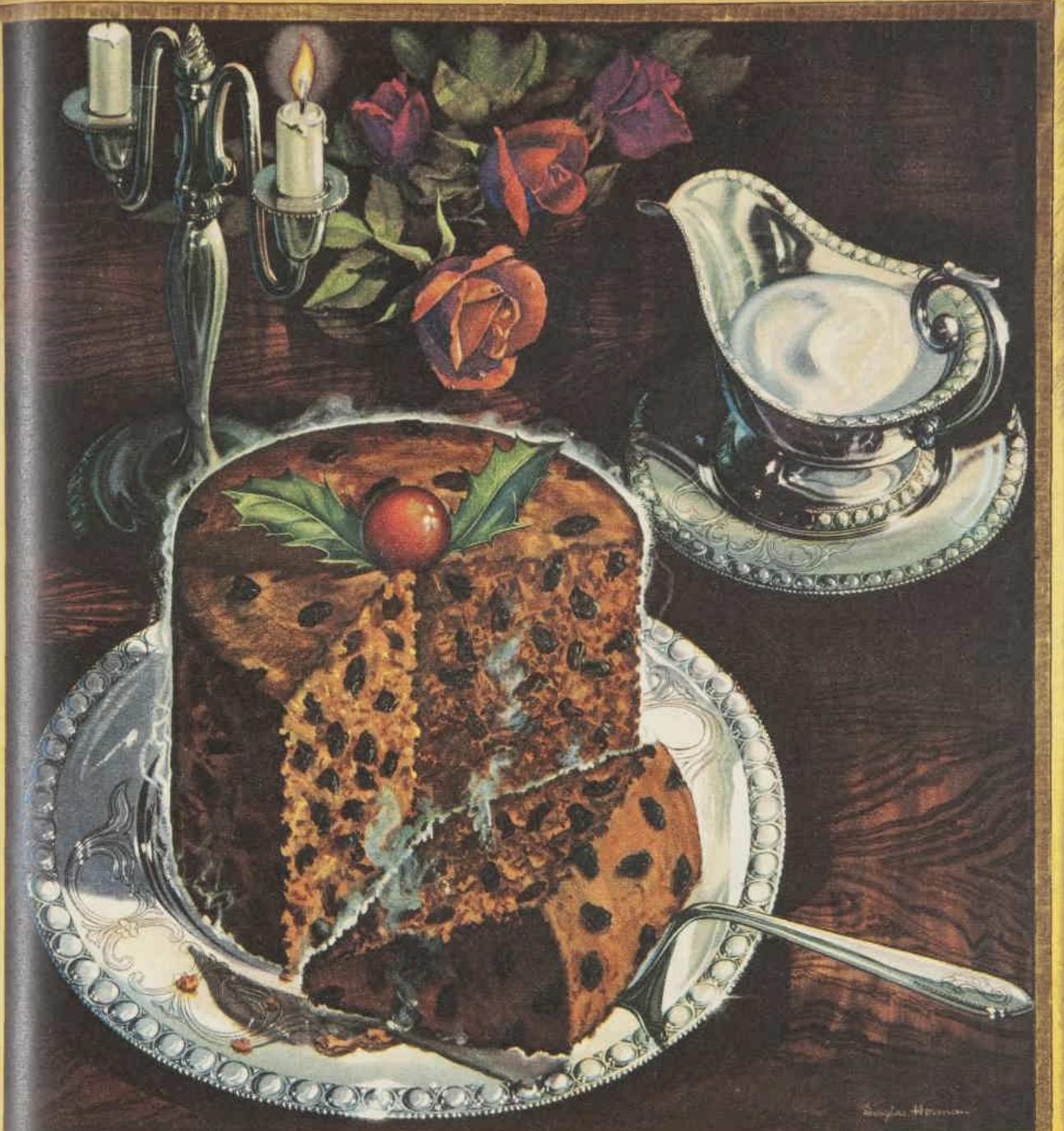
*Anne*



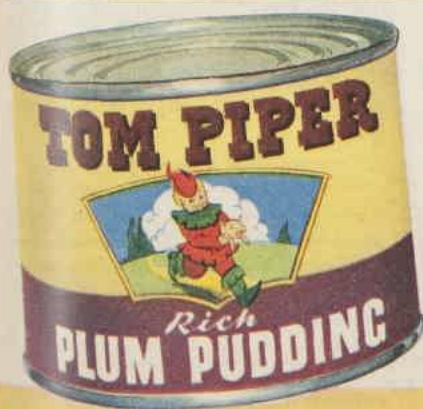
**SOCIAL STUDIES GRADUATE** Helen Ralston, of Newcastle, with Dr. F. W. Clementz, Director of the Institute of Child Health at Sydney University, after she received her diploma in Social Studies.



**COMING OF AGE.** Robin Young (right), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Young, of Balmoral, with Michael Bray and Pat Fairlie-Cunningham at her party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bray, Bellevue Hill.



Douglas Horrabin



*Wonderful ~ ~ just Wonderful*

**TOM PIPER**  
Rich PLUM PUDDING

TOM PIPER - THE NAME OF GOODNESS

NP 165-

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1952.

Page 9

# £10 PROGRESS AWARDS

On this page we publish the first three £10 progress award winning entries in our Coronation contest. Each remains eligible for the final judging.

## THE MOST WONDERFUL DAY IN MY LIFE

**I**N my life there have been many wonderful days, but perhaps the most wonderful day of all was the day I moved into my present abode, a "temporary dwelling" built by my wife and myself.

For months we had saved to buy the land to build on. It is not a block with a harbor view, nor has it an exquisite bushland setting.

Then we managed to scrape enough together to erect a small 18ft. x 12ft. framework. There was no power or water connected the day we finally moved in, last February, but we had a hurricane lamp, and the water problem was easily overcome because the neighbours had promised us we could draw some from them.

We had our own pressure stove and a little food. We had a home, humble as it was.

Our only furniture was a bedroom suite, which lay outside on the unfenced block of land. My wife and I laid the tarred-paper covering on the concrete floor as accurately as if it were an expensive axminster carpet.

I could see my wife's eyes sparkling with each little im-

provement that we made. This made me very happy. So much so, that for the first time in years my eyes filled—not with tears of sorrow, but joy.

After we had settled in we cooked a meal—our very first in our new home—and I don't think I enjoyed anything in my life as much as I did that one. We retired to bed at 8.30 p.m., and talked to each other till 1 o'clock the next morning. I guess we built three or four different houses and drove I don't know how many different cars. Best of all was the antique furniture my wife was going to buy.

Anyway, it all made us laugh almost hysterically because our bank account read: "Credit 2/6"—just enough to keep it open.

Should I ever gain worldly riches I will never forget that day.

£10 to Mr. W. Smyth, 66 Longfield St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

## AFTERNOON TEA WITH THE QUEEN

I WOULD make the setting and afternoon tea as Australian in tone as possible.

Bowls of Australian flowers would grace the sitting-room.

On the walls of the sitting-room, I would have two of

Albert Namatjira's paintings. My collection of Australian books would be on display.

For my first guest I would ask an outback member of the Country Women's Association.

Then I would ask a woman authority on Australian flora. Her conversation could not fail to interest the Queen.

Then I would ask an old lady I know who could talk about her pioneering experiences to the Queen. She would even have some stories for the children.

Simplicity would be the note of the afternoon tea: plain buttered scones, asparagus rolls, passionfruit cake, cream sponge, tea, fruit juice.

(Recipes were included.)

I would use an afternoon tea-cloth finely embroidered with all-over small posies of Australian flowers, china in pastel shades of blue and pink.

I would have picture books of Australian animals for the children, and a toy koala for them to play with.

£10 to Mrs. E. Creelman, 237 Buckley St., Essendon, Vic.

## CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE TWO ELIZABETHS

OUR most gracious Queen sank wearily into a chair. "I'm so tired."

"You look it, m'dear."

"Who spoke?"

"I did, Goose!"

"Madam, you address your Queen."

"Surely Elizabeth II knows me."

"I seem to know you. I

must be dreaming, you look like . . ."

"Right, I'm Elizabeth I. But Aunty Bess to my namesake."

"I thought you were dead. How did you get here?"

"Dead? Not much. I'm living at 'Guarded Heights' now. I travelled here by the 11.30 F.S.B.S. Just missed the 11 o'clock and had to wait. Appalling service, m'dear, 30 minutes between buses."

"How very strange. What does F.S.B.S. stand for, please?"

"Surely you've heard of Flying Saucer Bus Service."

"I've heard of 'Flying Saucers,' but didn't dream they were buses. I thought they came from the planets."

"That's true. 'Guarded Heights' is a most exclusive planet. I had great trouble in getting accommodation there. They wanted to push me lower down, but Wally fixed things for me."

"Who is Wally?"

"M'dear, you must know Wally. Wally Raleigh."

"Oh, you mean the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"Call him 'gallant' if you will. The way he harps and grizzles about his ruined cloak! The dry-cleaners couldn't do a thing about it, you know."

"What a pity. I'm sure it was a nice cloak."

"Never mind Wally. I want a serious talk with you, Elizabeth. I've some tips on being a good Queen. You're very pretty, but NEVER MARRY."

"But I AM married. I have two children."

## CONTEST RULES

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 3252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may enter one section, two sections, or all three, and send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. Write on one side of the paper only.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

The entries may be as short as you like and should preferably be not more than 500 words. In sections two, the recipes need not be counted in your total words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

## CORONATION CONTEST

November 19, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

### SIGNATURE

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

### ADDRESS (Block letters)

State

"What a terrible catastrophe! I've come to late."

"Indeed is it NOT a catastrophe."

"Fiddlesticks! I never married. Not that I wasn't courted and pestered, mind you. I had the men on their toes. Some of them completely lost their heads over me. Hee! Hee!"

"I'm very thankful English rulers no longer order heads to be chopped off."

"There's no need to get so hoity-toity. In my day we had no atom bombs causing overcrowding in one folk's place—that's much worse than occasional beheading. Not that husband of yours

"How dare you! He is beloved Philip."

"Well I cannot stay to argue. I'll just make the 3 o'clock F.S.B. to get home in time for tea. Cheers, m'dear."

£10 to Mrs. Alice Sheepson, 11 Birkinshaw Avenue, Tinsmere, S.A.

# BE SURE YOUR Chlorophyll TOOTHPASTE IS

**ipana**  
TOOTH PASTE  
WITH CHLOROPHYLL

The NEW IPANA with Chlorophyll is green—but not every green toothpaste is IPANA

THE NEW GREEN IPANA IS  
IPANA BLENDED WITH THE  
AMAZING "NATURAL"  
DEODORANT — CHLOROPHYLL.

REGULAR IPANA in the familiar red and yellow striped pack and IPANA with CHLOROPHYLL in the new green striped pack are SOLD ONLY BY YOUR CHEMIST.

# OUR CORONATION TOUR CONTEST

Our Coronation Contest has produced more entries in its first weeks than any previous contest we have conducted.

Our sorting staff has had to work back to keep up with the tremendous stream of entries pouring in from all parts of the Commonwealth.

THE magnificent first prize is a trip for two to London for the crowning of the Queen next year.

This will include two glamourous weeks in London as well as a round-the-world trip by air.

In London the winner and companion will witness the coronation spectacle of the Coronation procession from windows already booked on the route.

Executives of our London and Australian offices are co-operating on details of organization that will make the winner's trip the most luxurious and exciting ever.

Tickets have been booked on London's hit theatrical and cards of entree have been obtained for the Coronation season's most glittering events.

The girls will also meet stage and film stars. The two guests will fly from London with Quantas/B.O.A.C. through Darwin, Australia, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Cairo, and Rome. They will have an overnight stop at Singapore and an exciting sightseeing tour of their London holiday.

our guests will fly to New York by the Stratocruiser Monarch Service, then across Canada, stopping at Toronto, Honolulu, Canton Island, and Winnipeg, and Vancouver.

From Vancouver they will fly back to Sydney by DC6 airliner on the B.C.P.A. "Southern Cross" route. They will call at San Francisco, Honolulu, Canton Island, and Fiji.

Items included in the gift of Prestige garments and

## THE PRIZES

**FIRST PRIZE** for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

**Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock** by Madame Pellié.

**Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods** by Prestige.

**Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.**

**SECOND PRIZE** for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

**THIRD PRIZE** for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

**FOURTH PRIZE** of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

**THREE PRIZES** of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

**THREE PRIZES** of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

**PROGRESS AWARDS** of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

fashion goods that will go to the winner as an additional prize include four nylon nightgowns, six nylon slips, six nylon panties or briefs, and three dozen pairs of stockings.

The contest winner will also get 12 pairs of Joyce shoes valued at £50. They will be designed in America by leading designer Faie Joyce. The designs will be flown to Australia and made in the company's Australian plant.

The shoes will comprise: Town shoes in new designs and colors; cocktail sandals; "Lamplighters" in gold-embroidered suede in fuchsia, emerald, or Spanish crimson; rubber-soled cruise shoes; colorful seaside sandals with matching elastic cinch belt.

As well as the major prizes, there are progress awards of £10 each to be won. These will be published for the duration of the contest and will not put you out of the running for the big prizes.

In addition there will be 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

You may send as many entries as you like in any section. But be sure that each entry has its own properly signed coupon attached.

Begin working on your entries now and let us have them as soon as you can.

The contest will remain open until January 16.

Should the winner be under 18 years of age, he or she must choose an older travelling companion, either a relative or friend who is approved by the winner's parents.

## How to enter

You may enter one, two, or all of the three sections into which the contest is divided. Be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

**THE** rules governing the contest are on the opposite page. A signed coupon must accompany each entry to warrant that it is your original work.

### 1. Describe the most wonderful day of your life.

The day you consider your most wonderful might have happened last week or many years ago. Just tell us simply—without attempting a literary masterpiece—what happened, how you felt, and why you felt as you did.

### 2. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

The best entries in this section so far have been simply written and without any striving for effect. The judges are more interested in the human interest angle than in flowery prose.

### 3. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea.

Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.

The recipes are not included in the 500-word limit.

The guests may come from your real life family and acquaintances, they may be Australians you know of but have never met.

If your home is in an unusual locality, or your district has some special character of its own, why not make use of it in setting the theme of your tea party.

### 4. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

The conversation can be homely, witty, serious, or a little of each. But best of all, try to imagine what these two Queens of England might really say to each other if they were to meet.

There is no need to waste words in an elaborate description of the circumstances in which the two Elizabeths meet, or in detailed descriptions of the setting.

The most impressive entries received in Section 3 to date have been written in modern, not Elizabethan, English.

## It's a big step ...

WHEN A GIRL goes walking on the beach she wants to look her prettiest. Poor Jenny—she was skipping along so happily until Helen put her right out of the picture. Lucky Helen... her mother uses Persil.

### Only Persil's suds have Oxygen

There's no secret about Persil whiteness. It's simply honest-to-goodness cleanliness, through and through. Millions of hard-working oxygen bubbles shift the dirt as nothing else can. Yes, it takes Persil's special suds to get the cleanest whitest wash.

### Wonderful for Coloureds!

Because Persil washes cleanest, your coloureds come up brighter, gayer, fresher. And for washing-up Persil is a real speed-merchant!



## PERSIL washes whitest

(and that means cleanest)

P.71 A76

Page 11



## It's Cesarised-shrunk!

For a quarter of a century Cesarine has been accepted as the standard of quality by which cotton is judged. It's still unbeatable as a sturdy, durable cotton for taking the rough and tumble of hard wear and regular tubbings. There's no fabric quite as versatile and satisfying as Cesarine.

At some time or another every member of the family has a need for Cesarine. And as for furnishings — bedspreads, curtains, loose covers and so on, its popularity is proof of its worth. When you are looking for a cotton fabric that has to earn its keep, ask at the Caesar Fabrics section of your favourite store for Cesarine, "the wonder cloth of a thousand uses."

*It's long wearing! Replaced if colour fades! It won't shrink!*

The fact that Cesarine is specified by most hospitals and institutions for nurses' uniforms is the best recommendation of its study durability and lasting freshness.

Its many sparkling colours stay clear and fadeless for the life of the garment. As for white Cesarine, it's the whitest white you ever saw.

Garments made of Cesarine never lose their fit, never creep. Even boiling won't affect them because Cesarine is "Cesarised-shrunk" before you buy it.

### LOOK FOR THE CAESAR LABEL

Whether you buy Cesarine by the yard or as a ready-to-wear garment, ask to see the label that guarantees it's a CAESAR FABRIC.

CESARISED-SHRUNK

# Cesarine

A CAESAR  FABRIC

A MILE OF VALUE IN EVERY YARD

**Cesarine**

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

Crisp and fresh for business wear; sturdy and smart for shopping or those informal social activities. And the most sensible stay-at-home wear. So easy on the budget, too.



**Cesarine**

FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

Tough, hard-playing youngsters are happy in Cesarine. Whether for toddlers' coograms, tunics, or ranger suits, or for shirts or shorts, Cesarine is the fabric that wears longest and best.



**Cesarine**

FOR UNIFORMS, OVERALLS

Office uniforms, nurses' uniforms, receptionists, chemists, laboratory workers, factory operatives, hairdressers and beauty parlour assistants' overalls and smocks of Cesarine look smart, wear well and save £'s in dry-cleaning.



**Cesarine**

FOR SCHOOL WEAR

Through the whole range of school uniforms and sports wear, Cesarine gives the required cotton crisp freshness. No matter what its colour it will never wash out, wear out or turn shabby. It stays dainty all the time.



**Cesarine**

FOR SHIRTS AND SHORTS

For tennis, for the beach and for the many week-end or holiday activities calling for cool, smart shorts and shirts, there's no cotton quite as appropriate as Cesarine. For the men, too! And it's so easy to cut and make up.





LADY HART DYKE, owner of a silkworm farm at Lullingstone Castle, Kent, discusses the maintenance of her estate with her gardener. The silk for the Queen's Coronation robes is being spun at Lullingstone.



AT WEEK-ENDS the grounds of Lullingstone Castle and the silkworm farm are thrown open to the public. One wing of the castle, which is one of the most historic in England, is supposed to be haunted.

## Half a million workers for Coronation robes

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Nearly half a million silkworms are at present engaged in spinning the silk for the rich velvets and satins of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation robes. The silkworm farm is run by Lady Hart Dyke, at Lullingstone Castle in Kent, which was once the home of Queen Anne.

FROM a schoolgirl's hobby Lady Hart Dyke has developed her silkworm farm into a business which to-day stands on its own sturdy feet and draws visitors from all over England.

She is the pioneer of the British silkworm industry. Five acres of mulberry trees are not enough to feed so many silkworms in the last rooms of Lullingstone Castle.

People from all over England with mulberry trees help by sending her the leaves she only eats which will produce first-class silk.

School girls and boys send their savings to Lullingstone Castle for pocket money and Lady Hart Dyke pays them a living price.

"My daughter and son, home on holidays, took turns, and we roped in students who had come down to study silkworm production.

"Then, at the end, we had a celebration party. And when two invitations to the wedding ceremony in the Abbey arrived, I sent off our forewoman and our secretary, hoisted a new flag over the castle, and proclaimed a holiday."



THIS is what the Queen's Coronation robes look like at present. After the silkworms have spun the cocoons round themselves, the cocoons are boiled.

"Perhaps the nicest thing about the Coronation robes," Lady Hart Dyke told me, "is that I shall be able to say that hundreds of schoolchildren from all over Britain will have had their small part in growing the silk for them."

"We shall take care to include the children's cocoons with ours when reeling the silk for the Coronation, as we do for the Royal wedding." Silkworms are temperamental.

"They don't like noise," Lady Hart Dyke said, "and are upset by smells, but, what workers! One little silkworm takes only three days to spin two miles of silk, all in one continuous thread."

From them it takes 2000 of them to spin one pound of silk."

The Royal Weavers will

naturally need 20 pounds of

silk for the Coronation robes.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1952

"I've had letters from people all over Australia and lovely food parcels from kind folk I've never heard of," she told me.

"One of my favorite correspondents was a dear chap who described himself as a sort of bushwhacker and wrote regularly twice a year telling me all about his life."

"I wrote back and told him all about mine. We were great pals."

Lullingstone Castle is to-day as famous for its silkworms as for its history.

Experts from Madame Tussaud's are busy preparing a lifelike effigy of Queen Anne to install in the Queen Anne wing.

Hundreds of celebrities have visited Lullingstone, including models wearing silks—to be photographed for the fashion magazines—film units, and archaeologists who have dug in the grounds and brought to light the ruins of a magnificent Roman villa.

Lady Hart Dyke has written books and brochures about Lullingstone Castle and has also written a gay Walt Disney children's story about her favorite character, Sebastian the Silkworm.

She also shelters under her wing a clan of gypsies, who live in a corner of the estate near the river.

She loves her gypsies and has adopted them in a certain defiance of convention and the local by-laws.

Now she is whirling her way round the local council to keep them.

"After all," she said, "I'm descended from the gypsies and I'm proud of it."

"My great-great-grandmother, so my mother told me, was a full-blooded Romany from Spain. My mother herself is definitely of gypsy stock."

"My grandmother, who had straight jet-black hair and eyes as dark as shoes, could speak quite a bit of Romany."

"I often sneak over to my gipsy camp to see how they all are and to eat with them. I adore their food."

"Their stews are marvellous. I've even eaten baked hedgehog with them."

saves time!  
saves money!  
saves offending!

### New ODO-RO-NO LIQUID SPRAY

in the flexible plastic bottle.

You just squeeze the flexible plastic bottle and a mist-like liquid spray stops perspiration and odor instantly . . . keeps you fresh and dainty for a full 24 hours. It's quicker drying, quicker acting and gentle to your skin and no other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.

Try the  
big new flexible bottle  
WILL NOT LEAK  
WILL NOT BREAK . WILL NOT SPILL

4849

### Junket made with TRUFOOD is guaranteed\* to set!

\* Trufood contains no preservatives, only the water is removed from this pure, dairy-fresh milk. Trufood is the powdered milk that can be used for successful junket desserts.



#### HOW TO MAKE Creamy Trufood Junket

2½ large tablespoons Trufood Full Cream, 2 Juncet Tablets, 1 pint water, sugar and flavoring to taste, pinch of salt, nutmeg. Add Trufood Fullcream to water and whisk well together. Sweeten and flavor to taste. Heat in a saucepan until lukewarm (about 80°). Dissolve Juncet Tablets in a dessertspoon of cold water and stir quickly into warm milk. Stand in a warm place till set. When cold, sprinkle with nutmeg and serve plain or garnished with fruit and nuts.



TF.98 WW.62z

There's a place in every kitchen for the Trufood fresh-creamed milk. Contains over 70 tested recipes for all occasions. Write to Box 3922, G.P.O., Sydney, for your copy.

13-oz. tin of Trufood Full Cream makes 4 pints of thick, rich milk, including almost 1 pint of dairy-pure cream.

**ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY**

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendaco, the latest and greatest medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the Mendaco tablets begin giving free easy breathing and lasting relief all night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

GILSEAL DYES  
ARE THE BEST  
AN FAIR CHEMICAL

Page 13

# Girls aren't afraid of Malayan bandits

Although their Red Cross badges will be their only protection, none of the 10 young women chosen by the Australian Red Cross to do nursing and welfare work in Malaya is afraid of bandits.

EACH is determined to work courageously in helping Chinese and Malays, uprooted from their former homes by bandit activities, to resettle in new villages.

They are a team of five nurses and five welfare workers. For the next two years they will operate mobile clinics in dangerous areas of Malaya.

Nurses will receive £500 a year and welfare workers £300. Uniforms, living expenses and necessary extras will be provided. Their work will be sponsored by the Australian Red Cross and Commonwealth Government.

"I can use a gun if necessary, so I don't mind if the work is a bit dangerous," said pretty, blonde welfare worker Jean Crawford.

She is a former English W.A.A.F. who, after the war, worked with the N.A.A.F.I. in Austria, looking after displaced persons.

Occupational therapist Davida Nowland heard over the radio one morning at her parents' Brisbane home that volunteer workers were wanted for Malaya.

"I was at a bit of a loose end, so I applied at once to

the Brisbane Red Cross, where I did my initial handicraft training," she said.

"It really is exciting. We will do a short course in Melbourne, but most of our training will take place after we reach Malaya."

"To work successfully among the people we will have to learn to speak Malay."

In addition to their initial training course, the girls are learning all they can to fit them for their new jobs.

Sister Moira Ford, who has been working as a theatre sister in a Melbourne hospital, is devoting her free time to driving lessons.

Triple-certified nurse Nancy Frith, of Sydney, is reading all she can find about Malaya and has just finished Bruce Lockhart's "Return to Malaya."

Nancy, who has nursed in many parts of the world, thinks her work will be hard but interesting.

British migrant Margaret Ward, who has been Bush Nursing Sister at Delungra, near Inverell, N.S.W., is not allowing herself to be afraid of terrorists in Malaya.

But she is sad at the thought of relinquishing her comfortable cottage at Delungra,



FORMER AIR HOSTESS Maxine Frost regards the responsibility of the job ahead of her in Malaya as a challenge to her character. In the field the girls will wear cotton frocks with the Red Cross on the pockets.

where she has been on duty for the past 15 months, 24 hours a day, seven days a week."

She has travelled extensively and was through the Middle East, Italy, and Greece with Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service during the war.

She has lived in Bombay and finds she works better in hot weather.

"Cold just frizzles me up," she said.

Blue-eyed English girl Elizabeth Funk, who came to Australia after the war as a "jumping-off-ground" to



MALAYA is not new to English girl Jean Crawford, who comes from Suffolk. She recently spent two years with the Women's Voluntary Service in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore. She found the humid Malayan climate kind to her fair complexion.



WELFARE WORKER Hilda Webb came to Western Australia from England with her family in 1942. During the war she drove an ambulance, and later worked for the British Government.

She became voluntary nurse and midwife for a 30-mile radius of Kojonup — which was quite a job, with the nearest doctor at Albany, over 100 miles away, and the only transport a horse and gig.

The girls were chosen from a large number of volunteers for their academic qualifications coupled with fine personal characters.

The importance of having the right kind of personal qualities was considered of paramount importance. Apart from the professional ability, the girls will be Australia's unofficial ambassadors in the near north.

the Orient is, naturally, thrilled with her selection.

"It's taken me six years to make the leap, but I enjoyed being in Australia," she said.

## Is fatalist

WIDELY experienced in youth leadership and kindergarten organisation work in both England and Australia, she is not unduly worried about Malayan terrorist activities.

"I'm a fatalist, and think I have as much chance of survival in the jungle as crossing Collins Street," she said.

# WHY D.D.T. has been COMPLETELY ELIMINATED from the Mortein plus formula

During recent years flies have developed increasing resistance to D.D.T. But that was not the main reason for eliminating D.D.T. from the Mortein Plus formula.

The main reason arose from the desire of State Health Departments to safeguard the public against the risks of D.D.T. insect sprays.

What are those risks? Read the labels on insect sprays containing D.D.T. There you will see a warning—a warning on which nearly every Health Department insists:

CAUTION: Keep away from food and cooking and eating utensils. Avoid repeated skin contact. Wash hands after using.

WHY do Health Authorities insist on this warning? Because, as one Minister for Health said in a letter to the manufacturers of Mortein Plus:

"D.D.T. is not as harmless as was at first thought."

For that reason, there is NO D.D.T. in the New Activated Mortein Plus. D.D.T. has now been replaced by a more modern, more effective, safe ingredient—piperonyl butoxide. MORTein PLUS contains powerful, proven, safe pyrethrum—pyrethrum rendered many times more powerful by the synergist piperonyl butoxide.

THESE TWO SAFE INGREDIENTS MAKE MORTein PLUS THE FASTEST-KILLING INSECT SPRAY KNOWN TO SCIENCE

DON'T TAKE RISKS! SPRAY SAFE!



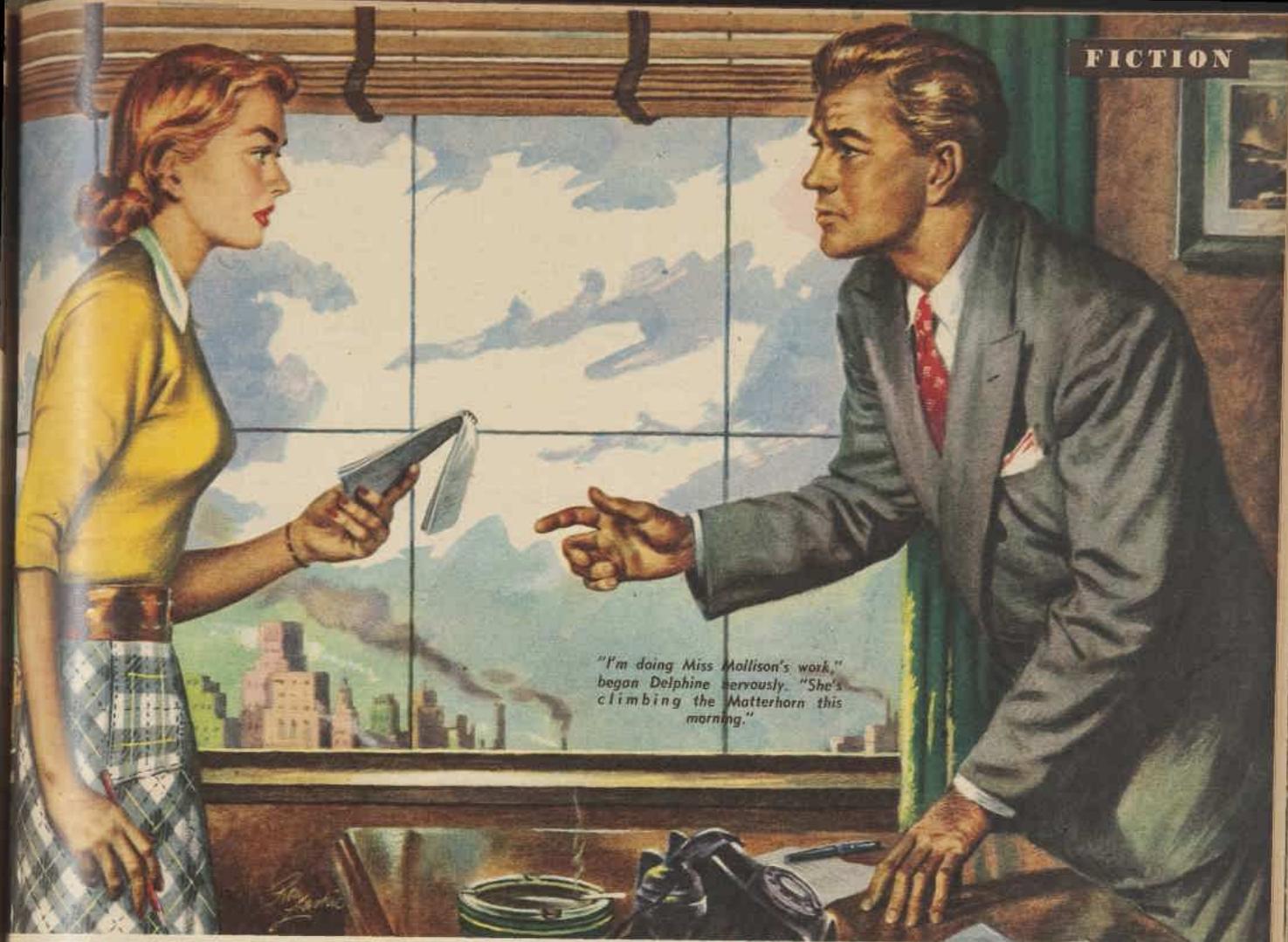
**Mortein plus**  
THE ONLY INSECT SPRAY IN AUSTRALIA GUARANTEED NOT TO CONTAIN D.D.T.



In order to test fully the attitude of State Health Departments towards household insecticides containing D.D.T., the manufacturers of Mortein Plus wrote to these Authorities asking whether the regulation WARNING on the label could be omitted if an insect spray contained as little as one-fiftieth part of the usual D.D.T. content. PERMISSION TO OMIT THE WARNING WAS REFUSED.

HERE'S PROOF

THAT HEALTH DEPARTMENTS ARE DETERMINED TO SAFEGUARD THE PUBLIC AGAINST THE HAZARDS OF D.D.T. FLY SPRAYS.



# The Perfect Secretary

THE only thing in life that Delphine Romleigh longed for was responsibility, largely because she had never known any.

The youngest of three sisters, she had been nurtured with loving care by her family, and no one, so far, had expected her to wrestle with any problem more serious than how to look beautiful at eighteen.

But mere beauty, Delphine considered, was too trivial to be considered as a woman who wanted a career.

She had been trained as a secretary, and on leaving business college had been absorbed right away into that splendid organisation known as Wayne Waterproofs Ltd., her uncle being a friend of old Mr. Wayne, its founder.

But Delphine did not see very much of old Mr. Wayne, for he now left most of the firm's business to the brilliant organising ability of young Mr. Wayne, his son.

He combined the arduous roles of managing director, chief sales promoter, publicity controller, and a dozen other jobs of which Delphine had only the haziest idea. For she did not see very much of young Mr. Wayne, either.

An assistant deputy-secretary to the managing director, Delphine sat in a resplendent office on the fourth floor overlooking Hyde Park Corner and interviewed, personally and by telephone, callers who wished either to see or to speak to Mr. Wayne.

On learning their names and business, Delphine then contacted the inner office, where sat Miss Mollison, about twenty-five and very efficient, who then contacted the inner, inner office, where sat Miss Stroud, about thirty-five, and so efficient that it made Delphine's heart throb with envy to think of it.

Miss Stroud, in turn, would contact Mr. Wayne either in his own office or wherever he happened to be, unless, of course, he was abroad, which was quite often.

It was upon Miss Stroud that Delphine tried to model herself. Miss Stroud was small, thin, and calm, and no one had ever heard her voice raised above a quiet, bat tone.

Delphine had managed to acquire a fair imitation of the voice, but the rest studded her.

On the few occasions she had glimpsed Mr. Wayne, she saw that he was tall and, by the way he darted keen glances from under fiercely furrowed brows, that he was a man of authority.

Delphine was certain that with a little responsibility and a lot of concentration she would be as brilliant and efficient and omnipotent as Mr. Wayne and Miss Stroud rolled into one.

Her opportunity to test this theory came when Miss Mollison, in the middle of June, went off to enjoy

her fortnight's holiday in the Swiss Alps and Delphine took her place in the inner office.

"I'm afraid we shall have to manage without anyone in the outer office," Miss Stroud said. "I did ask for a relieving typist, but there has been some hitch."

Delphine said happily, "We can manage, Miss Stroud."

"Fortunately, I have been able to arrange for one of the boys to come up and take the mail off our hands."

And they did manage, up to the

very bad news. I shall have to leave you on your own to-morrow."

"On my own, Miss Stroud?" Delphine repeated, trying to keep her voice flat and quiet.

"On your own," Miss Stroud said. "They just phoned a telegram to me. My father has met with an accident and is asking for me, so I have to go to Edinburgh to-night."

Delphine saw, then, how unusually pale she looked, and her own momentary pleasure died.

Miss Stroud went on, "Of course, I shall be back as soon as I can. Meanwhile, I've wired Miss Mollison to return immediately."

Only that morning they had received a brightly colored postcard from Miss Mollison bearing the words: "Having a wonderful time. Climbing the Matterhorn to-morrow morning."

"Fortunately," Miss Stroud was saying, "Mr. Wayne is leaving for Paris to-morrow, to attend the International Publicity Conference, and will be away until about Wednesday."

"He's out at the moment, but I'll explain when he returns. I have arranged for Cartwright to come up and take over the telephone, and I'll give you a complete list of instructions to cover every contingency."

"Don't you worry, Miss Stroud," Delphine said. "I'll manage."

And she did manage, for the first half-hour the next morning, while she sat in the inner office, opening and sorting the mail with steady hands, answering the telephone in quiet, flat tones, saying that she was expecting Mr. Wayne shortly.

Then Cartwright arrived. His hands thrust deep into his pockets, he strode in, dropped down into a chair, and said, "Hallo, tall and lovely—what's cooking?"

Delphine stared at him. Could this possibly be the boy who had come every evening to collect the mail—that quiet, well-mannered boy? He was now chewing gum with tremendous enjoyment.

Putting one foot on the desk, Cartwright continued, "What a break—old Fusspot going off like that! Got to go to Edinburgh, she says. And old Babyface—he's off to Paris, so they tell me."

"Babyface?" Delphine repeated. It was not what she intended to say.

She was just feeling around for the right phraseology in which to point out to Cartwright the enormity of his conduct.

"That's right. Wayne—we call him Babyface. He likes to think he's tough, but he's not so tough."

Delphine considered the point. Actually, she had never thought of Mr. Wayne as tough. Aloof and authoritative, certainly, which was only reasonable.

But she clearly remembered one evening when, on her way home, she

BY LORNA MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

had overtaken him as he was about to step into his car, and he had turned and smiled at her a most fascinating smile.

She had been wearing her new Wayne waterproof at the time, which might have accounted for his affability.

At that moment the house telephone buzzed. She picked up the receiver and a voice said, "Wayne here. Get me Copenhagen!"

She hung up and feverishly grasped the three-page list of notes which Miss Stroud had dictated to her the previous day.

"That old Babyface?" Cartwright asked. "What's he want?"

Forgetting her quiet, flat tones, Delphine said hoarsely, "Get Copenhagen for Mr. Wayne—quickly."

"Just as you say. Leave the phone to me, glamorous."

The house phone buzzed again and Mr. Wayne said, "I'll have the mail and the Sullivan file and that letter we wrote to Marchant Wire Carnegie and tell him I'm back. Wire McDougal's and tell them I'm not." He cut off, and everything began to buzz at once.

Copenhagen came through and so did Paris and Buenos Aires and New York, in between which she eventually found the requisite file and letter and, with her notebook and the mail neatly arranged in a tray, she knocked and entered Mr. Wayne's office.

He sat behind his enormous desk, answering a call from Stockholm. He put down the receiver and said, "Who are you?"

"Miss Romleigh," she said. "I—"

"Get me Miss Stroud," he ordered, and, picking up the house phone, he buzzed and said into it, "Get me Cape town."

"There isn't anyone there," she said desperately. "Because

## Continuing . . . The Perfect Secretary

I'm here, I mean I thought you knew about Miss Stroud."

She began telling him about Miss Stroud, ending, "She said she'd tell you herself, and she never forgets anything—"

Mr. Wayne said coldly, "I'm well aware of Miss Stroud's excellent qualities. Get me Miss Mollison."

"I'm sorry," Delphine said. "Miss Mollison can't come. She's climbing the Matterhorn."

Mr. Wayne had risen in his surprise. "Climbing what?"

"The Matterhorn in Switzerland."

"When I feel I need geography lessons," Mr. Wayne said, and his tone was like cracking ice, "I shall take a course at evening classes. Can you write shorthand?"

"But of course," Delphine assured him eagerly.

"Then sit down and stop wasting my time!" he roared at her.

He dictated thirty-five letters, ten memorandums, and a circular letter, of which he required two thousand copies run off on the duplicator.

"But you can give that to the junior," he added as she gathered up all the papers and went dazedly towards the door:

"I am the junior," she said, but he was using the house phone and failed to hear her.

She was seated at Miss Stroud's desk, struggling through the letters on Miss Stroud's unfamiliar typewriter, when Cartwright looked round the door to say, "Old Fishface wants to talk to old Babyface. Okay?"

"Cartwright," she said severely, "I really must ask you—"

"Save it, gorgeous," he said. "Do I put him through or not?"

"Put him through, Cartwright," Mr. Wayne said. He was standing in the doorway

that led to his own office, eyeing them with a very strange expression. "I presume you mean Mr. Worple, of Worple and Dodd."

"Yes, sir," Cartwright said.

Like a disturbed lizard he moved back to his own domain. "And come and see me on my return from Paris, Cartwright," Mr. Wayne called after him.

"There are a couple of things I'd like to talk to you about."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

Cartwright disappeared, and so did Mr. Wayne, back to his office. He returned a few minutes later to say, "My letters . . . are they ready?"

"I'm afraid not," Delphine said.

"There are only half a dozen that really matter." He recited off six names as he came across to her. "Get those done and I'll sign them. I'm leaving now."

Somehow, she managed to find the correspondence and to type the letters, while Mr. Wayne dropped his briefcase and raincoat on the floor and stood beside her, eyeing her in a way that made her feel more stupid every moment.

Try as she would to concentrate, her attention kept wandering to Mr. Wayne, and several times she glanced nervously in his direction.

He remained immovable, returning her gaze with one of his keenest stares, almost as if he were seeing her for the first time.

Rapidly he read through the letters when she had finished them, signed them with a flourish, picked up his raincoat, and said, "Back about Wednesday. Wire me if anything important. Hotel Elysee will find me," and strode out.

She rose, sighing with relief, and her foot encountered something on the floor. A briefcase. His briefcase. He

had gone out carrying his rain coat only.

She snatched up the case and tore out after him, through his office and the private door, just catching him by the arm as he was about to enter the lift. "Your case," she said. "You forgot it."

"Thank you." He took it without looking at it. "Incidentally, you'd better wire Smith to pull his socks up."

Delphine returned to the office and finished the circular letters, the memorandums, and the correspondence, wired Carnegie and McDougall's as instructed.

It was only Smith who proved a stumbling block. There was a gentleman named Sir Humphrey Smith appearing in her list of instructions, against whom was a note:

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

1. Hide in trinitrotoluene with a pronged instrument (8).
2. Sea-room with an article missing from a big gun (8).
3. Went to see a location after six and before five hundred (7).
4. Provinces of birth (5).
10. On race (anag.) (7).
11. Hide in trinitrotoluene with a pronged instrument (8).
12. Counsellor with a short direction to it down for a chink (7).
13. Tree-rat can be made to go back (7).
14. Urged with a horse in the middle (5).
15. Fly from the law (5).
16. Bury between (5).
17. Estimated the value of a donkey in the lead (5).

CUBISM		POLISH		JAZZ		RAYON		RESUME		TOMMY		WEATY		LITTER		SPILT		TRANSHIEF		SEAM		BASKETS		REED		OAK		PARAPET		NOTES		TIN		EARL		LESSON		PLIERS	
A	U	J	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A			
B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK				
AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK	LL	MM	NN	OO	PP	QQ	RR	TT	UU	VV	WW	XX	YY	ZZ	AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK				
AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK	LL	MM	NN	OO	PP	QQ	RR	TT	UU	VV	WW	XX	YY	ZZ	AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK				
AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK	LL	MM	NN	OO	PP	QQ	RR	TT	UU	VV	WW	XX	YY	ZZ	AA	BB	CC	DD	EE	FF	GG	HH	II	JJ	KK				

Solution to last week's crossword.

Pending, remind Mr. Wayne. Undoubtedly, this was the one, but how could he be told to pull his socks up in a telegram?

After some thought, inspiration came to her, and she wired Sir Humphrey Smith at his address in Leeds: Improvement Imperative. Wayne Waterproofs.

After a peaceful week-end, Monday did not seem quite so bad. For one thing, there was a cable from Miss Mollison saying she would be back by tomorrow.

She and Cartwright managed all callers, and it was with a pleasant feeling of confidence that Delphine returned to the office about five o'clock, having left Cartwright in charge while she powdered her nose.

He said, as he passed through the inner office. "Be back and he's asking for you, Miss Romleigh. He's in mood, too."

She went straight to Mr. Wayne's office. He looked up. "What did you say your name is?" he asked.

She told him.

"Miss Romleigh," he said. "I want to talk to you. Can you imagine how it feels to be a man in my position in going all the way over to Paris to attend a conference and when he is asked by the acting secretary for his notes on the subject under discussion to bring out of his briefcase two pairs of nylon stockings, a bar of chocolate, peppermint creams, and this?"

He slammed a book down on the desk. Stupefied, Delphine gazed at it, recognized it. She had bought it three months earlier and had been studying it intermittently.



Solution will be published next week.

2. Grass seen as fuel (5).
3. Teach a modified trout (5).
4. Would we have such festivals if they painted the inside of pillar-boxes as well as the outside? (5).
5. Courage and sand (4).
6. And French under Henry after centring in a mountain hut (6).
7. Drove five hundred over it with an outlet (6).
8. Site above this French clump as found in 14 across (4).
12. Rulers perm Rose body (1).
13. A deer turned about to start (5).
14. A century on record, perhaps it is restricted, but not in the set (5).
15. Why leave a study for a cell when otherwise he could (5).
16. A tent confused (5).
17. A tent confused (5).
18. Thus legged for a race. Odds in San Francisco way out (5).

# Guaranteed not to contain D.D.T.!

The new activated Mortein Plus—the fastest-killing insect spray known to science—does not contain D.D.T.

In the new activated non-poisonous Mortein Plus, now on sale throughout Australia, D.D.T. has been replaced with the more modern, more effective, safe insecticidal ingredient—piperonyl butoxide. Mortein Plus contains powerful, proven, safe pyrethrum—pyrethrum synergised with piperonyl butoxide. These two ingredients make Mortein Plus ABSOLUTELY FATAL TO INSECT PESTS YET COMPLETELY HARMLESS TO HUMANS.

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Because the new activated Mortein Plus does not contain D.D.T. crystals, it will not stain curtains, furnishings, walls, clothes, etc.

D.D.T.!

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KX162

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

## The Perfect Secretary

was entitled, "How to be the Perfect Secretary."

She also recognised the nylon stockings and the chocolate peppermint creams that lay beside it on the desk. They had been, with the book, inside her own briefcase against all possible emergencies.

She had put it beside the desk in Miss Stroud's office, and had not thought about it again until this moment.

"I'm so sorry," she stammered, "You must have taken my case in mistake."

"You mean that you gave me your case in mistake?"

"Yes . . . Yes, I suppose I did."

The house phone buzzed. He picked up the receiver and said, "Wayne here—yes, put them on." He reached for the other telephone and continued, "Smith Plastics? Yes, Wayne speaking."

He listened for some time, his keen glance focused upon Delphine. "No," he said. "There's some mistake. We've not sent Sir Humphrey a telegram. No, quite impossible, my dear chap, we're waiting to hear from him. Check up and you'll find it wasn't from us. Good-bye."

Delphine knew with a little skill she could cover up this second grievous error. But by nature and training she was honest.

She said, "I'm afraid I did. You told me to send a wire to Smith telling him to pull his socks up, if you remember."

Mr. Wayne rose. Seen thus, he looked very tall and most formidable. In carefully measured tones, he said, "Strewn over this island we have many salesmen. One of them is named Smith. He lives in Manchester. He is a pleasant little man and very capable.

"But every so often he gets slack, and so we send him a telegram, which invariably has the required results. Do you follow me in all this?"

Delphine said faintly, "I think so."

"Good. Sir Humphrey Smith, on the other hand, is the head of Smith Plastics, our chief source of supply for the raw material from which we make the Junior Wayne Waterproofs."

"Recently we asked him to reduce his prices. We only asked him, we don't really think that he will, because we've no other way of obtaining this material and without him we're sunk. May I ask you, what exactly did you say in that telegram?"

Delphine said, "Improvement imperative. Which seems to me a vast improvement upon asking him to pull his socks up."

She no longer spoke faintly. She was gaining in confidence. If this matter was so important, he should not have been so careless about it. He was used to being careless because Miss Stroud was so efficient that she could catch at his slightest idea or whim and turn it into something businesslike.

There came a knock at the door and Miss Stroud entered.

"Thank heaven!" Mr. Wayne said, and strode round the desk and over to Miss Stroud, grasping her hand and

shaking it. "How are you, Miss Stroud? And how is your father?"

"Much better, thank you, Mr. Wayne," she said. "I am sorry if you have been in any way inconvenienced."

"Not at all, Miss Stroud. Not so much inconvenienced as nearly ruined. But with your help we shall pull through."

A gleam came into his eyes. "Now, Miss Romleigh, I have great pleasure in firing you, as from this moment. Take a month's money, leave this organisation forthwith."

Delphine squared her shoulders. "I don't want any money, Mr. Wayne," she said. "It will be a pleasure to leave this firm."

Her cheeks flamed with righteous anger. "You're quite the most insufferable, overbearing, intolerant, and selfish person I've ever known. As for Miss Stroud, she's an angel, and ought to be given a medal, a monument, and ten thousand a year for putting up with you."

Whereupon she rushed past Miss Stroud to the outer offices, where she collected her possessions, and then to the inner office, where she did the same. She was taking a last look over the inner office when Miss Stroud joined her.

Miss Stroud smiled with an unaccustomed twinkle. "I'm sorry you're so upset, my dear," she said. "But someone had to say it to him sometime. He's not always so bad. It's just that he will undertake far too much, and then it requires tact to smooth him down."

"But he's so unreasonable," Delphine argued.

"I know. But he's also terribly clever, and just a great baby in many ways. Do you know where his briefcase is? He wants it."

"And I want mine," Delphine said, and, collecting Mr. Wayne's case, she marched back into his office and put it in front of him.

He had just finished telephoning, and greeted her with a beautiful smile.

"You've worked a miracle," he said. "Sir Humphrey just came through to say he's cutting his prices. Apparently your telegram got him groggy and he thinks we have found another source of supply."

"Yes?" Delphine said. She picked up the nylons and the sweets and stowed them away in her case.

"But don't think I'm reinstating you here."

Delphine said, "Mr. Wayne, please give me my book and let me go home."

"You won't need it any more," he said. "I'm going to make sure that you never get a job as a secretary again."

"You can't do that," she protested, as he rose and moved round the desk towards her. "It's against the law."

"Not the way I'm going to do it." He put both arms round her and kissed her. "You're about the worst secretary I've ever known," he said. "But with a little training I think you'll make a perfect wife."

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Beauty in the Room.. Begins at the Window

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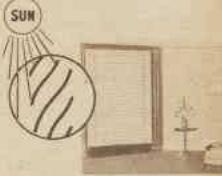
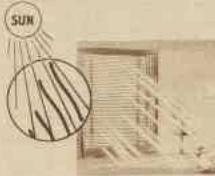
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Page 17

**Every  
mother  
should  
heed  
Doctors'  
warnings . . .**

Doctors are unanimous that flies in the home are a menace to health, particularly to the health of young children. But, to-day, more and more doctors and health authorities are of the opinion that only a safe, non-poisonous insect spray should be used in the war against flies. This is especially true when the insect spray is to be used in the vicinity of food or where contamination of the skin is likely.

There is evidence that D.D.T. insect sprays have not only lost much of their effectiveness against flies, but that they are also dangerous to health. It has been proved that D.D.T. is a cumulative poison.

**EVERY MOTHER  
SHOULD SPRAY  
HER HOME ONLY  
WITH THE NEW-**



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IN THE NEW MORTEIN PLUS!  
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THE NEW MORTEIN PLUS  
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**Does not contaminate —  
does not stain**

Because Mortein Plus leaves no crystalline deposit after being sprayed . . . it does not contaminate or stain furniture, carpets, walls, windows or clothes.

# A day with Daddy

A short short story  
By Sheila Frazer

Illustrated by Tompson

when they had discussed what she should wear.

He thought it was quite astonishing that such a pretty girl should be his wife; even more astonishing that she had written a novel which was to be published, and was this very day having luncheon with an agent and a publisher.

Jim Percy had never before known anyone who had written a novel, much less had one published, and he had not yet been permitted to read his wife's work. What on earth could Nonie, cooped up in this tiny bungalow in this dull suburb, have to write about? It made him feel quite uneasy.

Back in the kitchen he viewed his son, enthroned in a high chair and very messy with milk and honey, with some gravity. His son stared back at him.

"Finished your brekker, old man?" Jim asked him paternally.

"Mamma," said Baby Robin matter-of-factly.

"Your mamma has gone out for the day, old man," Robin's father explained kindly. "Daddy has stayed home from the office especially to look after you."

"Mamma," said Robin, rather dolefully this time. He had a one-track mind.

"Never mind about Mamma. How about a spot of milk?" his father suggested.

He filled the blue plastic mug from the large jug of boiled milk, poured himself a fresh cup of muddy-brown, very stewed tea, lit a cigarette, and opened the morning paper. This was the life! By jove, a bit better than the stuffy, crowded 8.37 and eight hours at the office!

Halfway through his cigarette he looked up. The blue mug was empty. There was a very large pool of milk on the linoleum.

He found a floor-cloth and mopped and squeezed for some minutes in silence. It was best not to make a fuss, for this was obviously just a bid for attention.

The baby started to bang the empty mug on his food tray and make a terrible keening noise.

"Another drink? Right you are, old man." Jim said, and this time half-filled the mug.

Baby Robin stared at him blandly, his blue eyes very wide apart, and tilted the mug so that the milk poured in a white cascade to the floor.

Jim became angry. "You little horror," he cried bitterly. And he gave him a slap upon one fat hand.

The baby's mouth turned down sharply at both corners, his lower lip jutted forward, his face turned red with a purplish streak down the centre of the forehead, and his blue eyes became drowned in tears. He roared, putting all the strength of a pain of powerful lungs behind the noise.

His father was appalled.

"Don't take it like that, son," he beseeched. He attempted to cuddle him, but Baby Robin fought him off. And screamed and screamed and screamed.

Jim looked wildly around for the water.

At about half-past four Jim Percy collapsed on to a hard kitchen chair and poured himself a cup of tea. Because it had taken so long to get the baby organised behind a piece of bread and jam and a mug of milk, the tea was again muddy-brown, stewed and cold.

Jim lit a cigarette and reviewed the day that was now behind him.

He had mopped up one and a quarter pints of milk and two mugs of orange juice from the floor. He had sponged custard out of Baby Robin's hair and gently eased a piece of potato out of his ear. He had changed his clothes three times, tied a bib about his neck four times, washed his face five times, and dropped six wet napkins into a pail of cold water.

During the whole day the only word Baby Robin had spoken was "Mamma."

Let it be confessed, the young father had always been a little jealous of the strong tie between his wife and child, and he had rather looked forward to a day spent getting to know his son without benefit of feminine interference. Now he faced the fact that there could be nothing, no sort of bond at all, between a father and a fifteen-months-old baby.

When he heard Nonie's footsteps tap-tapping up the front path he almost ran to the front door to open it.

"Darling," he sang, wrapping her in an enthusiastic embrace. "How did you get on?"

"All right, thank you," said Nonie, coming up for air. "How is my angel?" And she didn't mean her husband.

Jim followed her into the kitchen, very deflated.

"Mummy's baby," Nonie was saying, making for a kiss.

Baby Robin gouged at her eye with a jammy finger and shrieked "Dadda, dadda."

Jim's heart swelled to bursting point as he hustled over and suffered a jammy embrace, and he glowed with father love and a kind of smugness.

But when Nonie went into the bedroom rather quietly he felt a bit sorry. A moment of triumph at the expense of the girl one loves is, after all, an ashly victory.

"You were unkind to Mummy, old man," he told his son reproachfully in the kitchen.

"Dadda," said Robin brightly.

Jim wandered into the bedroom. Nonie had taken off her coat, hat, gloves, blouse, and skirt, and stood in front of the mirror.

"We have missed you, darling," he said.

Nonie's serious little face brightened, her full lovely lips curved upwards at the corners.

"Kiss me," she ordered.

He did, very satisfactorily. From the kitchen came a high-pitched wail.

"Mamma," shrieked Baby Robin.

"Oh, you be quiet a minute!" Nonie shouted. "I'm busy with Daddy."

It had, after all, been rather a triumphant day.

(Copyright)

Baby Robin looked at his father and calmly tipped the milk out of the mug.



JIM PERCY followed his wife about the house as she got ready to leave. He wanted to be of some assistance, but there seemed to be nothing he could do.

Nonie — his sweet, haphazard, disorganized Nonie — had become methodical in the space of twenty-four hours, it seemed. Clothes, pressed and well brushed, had been spread out on top of the chest of drawers in the bedroom the night before; meals had been prefabricated and set ready in the pantry; and two sheets of notepaper, closely typed, detailed the baby's daily routine.

"Well," said Jim, for the umpteenth time, "take care of yourself, darling."

"I'll be all right," said Nonie. "You take care of my baby."

"Of course," he assured her.

Don't forget his orange juice—and if he screams the place down for any reason and you get desperate, try a spot of warm water. Put the washing out in the sun and bring it in when the air gets damp."

"I won't," promised Jim. "I will."

By this time Nonie was opening the front door. Jim, standing behind her, a white flannel apron tied over his grey flannel bags, felt lonely.

"I'll be home in time to bath him, of course . . ."

Now she was at the gate. Jim, waiting on the doorstep, felt desolate. Wasn't she going to mention his welfare? Wasn't she even going to say good-bye?

He waved a falsely cheerful hand at her back. "Good luck, darling," he called after her.

Three steps down the road and she turned, flashing her lovely smile at him. "Oh, darling," she wailed. "I shall miss my train if I come back to kiss you good-bye."

"Never mind," he said, blowing a kiss to her, unconscious of the surprised glances of the business men hurrying stationwards.

But she opened the gate again and rushed down the garden path, straight into his arms. "I love you," she said. And was gone.

After that he felt so good that he walked down to the gate and stood watching until she was out of sight.

She wore the grey coat with the swirling skirt that had been part of her "going-away outfit" two years before, and a little burnt straw hat which she had trimmed with white roses herself. She carried his briefcase, empty, of course, because they had decided it would look good

His father was appalled.

"Don't take it like that, son," he beseeched. He attempted to cuddle him, but Baby Robin fought him off. And screamed and screamed and screamed.

Jim looked wildly around for the water.



# A Ring for a Lady

**B**Y noon of that late October day in the year 1636 all Paris huddled indoors while the rain beat furiously against shuttered windows and every gutter ran a river.

The weather was matching my black mood, though dawn had been bright with promise and I had wakened to my twenty-eighth birthday to hear the song of birds and feel a patch of sun warming my toes while my landlord stood fawning at the door with a letter in his grubby hand.

Five minutes later I had sprung from my couch, fuming. Here was mischievous news for a birthday morning!

For weeks I had waited intimation as to the extent of my inheritance and now I found the notary advising me in language as dry as the plains of Languedoc that, far from the goodly sum I had expected, there would be so little it would scarce pay the bitter mood.

I felt I must walk off the mood of despondency that enveloped me. I tried to assure myself that I was young and presentable, that opportunity would come, and that there was Marie du Chasard to temper my disappointment—Marie, who, three nights before, had come by stealth to the postern gate and, lips reckless with promise, pledged her secret word.

But, as I stepped outside and found the sun gone and the air striking chill, optimism fled. I who had been penniless before was penniless still. How could I contend with an avaricious father and an ambitious mother?

It was in the natural order of bitter things that the first man I encountered that morning should be Gaston de Revignon, as garrulous a gossip as you'd find in all Paris.

"Well met," he exclaimed, greeting me as though I loved him, and began to beat my ears with scandal, boring me with his meanderings till the name du Chasard dribbled from his venomous lips.

"Poor du Chasard," he said. "His worries are over."

I was startled. "You mean he is dead?"

"Oh, no, no, no," he giggled. "The old pig will live better than ever. Surely you've heard the whisper that he's been worrying himself sick over his principal asset—his wench Marie?"

It seems Mademoiselle had given her heart secretly to some beggarly gallant, but, yesterday, the little romance was nipped in the bud. The girl was married off to the Marquis de Ferenc, whom, if I mistake not, has but few years to live."

After he'd gone I stood, heedless of the sudden spatter of rain, oblivious of everything save my deep humiliation. My hand gripped the hilt of my sword.

I had fought twenty duels, but it had been my boast that I had never taken a man's life. Humbled him, yes, pinking him as deeply or as lightly as our quarrel justified, making it clear always that my clemency stood between him and death.

Yes, I had stopped short of killing; but, with my ears ringing with de Revignon's words, I told myself that, to-day, I might not be so merciful. God help the man who crossed purposes with me this happy birthday!

A few hours later, when I had confirmed the truth of Marie's departure and waited

in vain for some message of explanation, some briefly scribbled apology, I pushed my way into the smoky atmosphere of Derval's and to a table where sat de Zara and my friend de Ryk.

The Count de Renoir was there also and, beside him, one I took for a country booby come to town for the sights and unaccountably in the presence of gentlemen.

His dress was tasteful enough and of quality, though it fitted him ill, but there was blemish in his manner as he sprawled with the dice box that was a quick challenge to my bitter mood.

They were playing for moderate stakes and I pulled up a chair and watched. The stranger had a purple scar of long standing running from high in his forehead and beyond his right eye, and, as he swept up poor de Ryk's stake, I was overwhelmed by desire to wipe from his face the unmannerly grin with which he greeted my friend's misfortune.

All I had in my wallet—and, indeed, the world, if you count not my clothes and my horse—was a hundred pistoles, but, I told myself, I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

I stood and looked down on the stranger. "I am not acquainted with you, M'sieur," I said, "but I beg permission to change your luck."

De Zara introduced us. It seemed that the boor was Henri de Bremont, from the provinces. He made a clumsy bow. "Join us all means, M'sieur," he said.

I looked at de Zara and the Count. "For one throw at least let us not be miserly, my friends," I said, while de Ryk, guessing at once that something untoward was afoot, regarded me with some concern.

I threw my hundred pistoles on the table. "Will you match my stake, Messieurs?"

The Count frowned and de Zara laughed, but each tossed his stake upon the table. De Ryk, however, was well aware of the state of my finances and whispered, "Andre! Are you mad? To risk all!"

Then he smiled. "You have received your inheritance?" I didn't dislodge him and at once he placed his five score pistoles.

Fortune was with me and de Ryk grinned across the table, happy to see his money go to a friend for a change. De Bremont, however, looked as black as thunder and I saw that not only could he not win like a gentleman but could not lose like one.

Again the dice were with me and again and again. In ten minutes de Ryk gave up and, when my luck continued to hold, de Zara and the Count also withdrew. De Bremont was still holding some of his winnings and, when I raised my eyebrow in inquiry, declared with an uncouth oath that he'd never give in.

A few throws later he was biting his lip with a yellowed tooth to curb his anger, for the table was bare of all but the money piled before me.

I stared challengingly. "Shall we continue, M'sieur?"

"You have the devil at your elbow," he sneered. "Perhaps if you permitted me to drop the dice in the box before you threw your fortune might change."

I heard de Ryk draw in a hissing breath, for the fellow had practically said that, by

some sleight of hand, I was using dice of my own design.

Here was excuse for a quick challenge, but, as I observed the cupidity with which de Bremont eyed the pile of gold pieces, I felt sure I had all his money, and I took grim pleasure in making him move for my cat.

"Monsieur from the country credits me with magic," I said, smiling, while de Zara and the Count stared in amazement, for none knew better how prompt I was to take a fence.

"If Monsieur has no more money perhaps he has some trinket to wager against me. I am prepared to put the whole of my winnings against it in a single throw."

De Ryk cried, "Andre, this is crazy."

"Not crazy, my friend," I told him, "because, after this throw, win or lose I intend to kill Monsieur de Bremont. That I believe the world will acclaim as an act highly sensible."

Derval, the proprietor of the rooms, came up wringing his hands, reminding us of the penalty for duelling, begging that there should be no spilling of blood and warning that the guard might be upon us at any moment.

The crafty look that stole over de Bremont's face told me he was well aware the spies were often placed in taverns to detect the instigators of quartets likely to end in duel.

Disobeying Richelieu's edict could mean death, but I had made up my mind. I had been unlucky in love, but the devil, as de Bremont had said, was at my elbow. Something told me I couldn't lose.

To my surprise, the boor brought out a purse and extracted a ring sparkling with diamonds. "If M'sieur will quadruple his stake I will risk this on a single throw provided Monsieur de Zara places the six in the box," he said.

The color flamed in my face, for the fellow had repeated his insult and turned the tables on me into the bargain. Doubtless he had heard de Ryk's whispered warning and gathered from his concern that I would not have the means to meet such a challenge, for there was no doubt that the diamonds in the ring he was permitting the Count to examine were worth more than the stake he had named.

"I don't carry such an amount..." I began, and he interrupted with a coarse laugh.

De Ryk, flushing, said coldly, "If it is in your mind that you need guarantees, my friends and I will accept responsibility."

De Zara and the Count nodded agreement and, when de Bremont cast an anxious glance towards the door, I was more than ever disposed to think he was playing for time.

I pushed the dice box towards the Count, asking him to make a few trial throws to satisfy the clown's suspicions. De Bremont and I then threw a dice apiece to decide who should throw first, and, when he won, insisted that, instead of the two cubes which we had been using, there should be three.

By now everyone in the eating house had heard of the encounter and our table was ringed with spectators. Watching de Bremont's hand as he shook the box, it seemed to me more fitted for the dagger than the sword and that dark would be more to his taste than honest daylight.

*The glittering jewel won him an unexpected fortune*

A complete short story  
By A. E. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

He was an unconscionably long time in throwing, his eyes forever flitting to the street door, but at length he could, in decency, delay no longer. As the three dice settled he uttered an oath that was at the same time a cry of triumph.

"It had been a very fair throw and for an instant my heart sank, but I said coolly, 'Thirteen I have won' is the devil's number, M'sieur, and, as you are明智的, the devil is at my elbow. Be assured you will better himself."

I looked at the glistening ring set beside my pile of gold. In another minute all would be mine—mine. And if this I would have to find three times my own stake. I drew a deep breath as I picked up the dice bag into which de Zara had dropped my stakes.

I was wagering not only the money on the table but my life. Well, what of it? Marie du Chasard had deserted me and, when the gossip de Ravignon put to the bottom of it, I would be a laughing stock. Had no expectations, but, if I won, I would be able to put Paris behind me.

If I lost I had determined I would insult the boor until he would be forced to take up my challenge here and there. And I would let him kill me.

Small wonder I was loth to let the dice fly. My heart was ice, but I could feel the hot breath of those crowding to see the result of the throw. Amid these I spilled the dice, and at once a great cry went up. Fourteen.

I rose from the table and de Ryk embraced me in relief. Then someone called that the Cardinal's Guard was marching down the street.

De Bremont had sat sullen and speechless, but this warning shout gave him a coward's courage. Sprang up, red with rage. "You have loaded the die against me," he cried, and named me cheat at trickster.

I wept money and ring into my pocket and in one movement overturned the table, with quick hands drew aside. "With these words you have named the hour of your death," I cried, and drew my sword.

"Draw, M'sieur the Boob," I taunted. "There is all time for you to kill me."

Wore my blade threatening his bull throat de Bremont began to fumble for his sword, playing for more time, but at length drawing it clumsily. To me I realized how much he was at my mercy. Truly, the fellow held his sword as one might hold a hawk!

The names he had called me stung my ears, but, he made his fool's thrusts, for the life of me I didn't the heart to despatch him. If he'd made one fair stroke, parried once with a semblance of force, he would have died; but, for all he deserved death, I couldn't take advantage of one so inept.

His sweat was dampening his purple sear. "M'sieur," he begged hoarsely, "let us finish this out."

"There is no time like the present," I said, determined he should at least feel the terror of approaching death.

"The guard . . ." he protested, breathing hard. "You will not live to see them," I told him. "When I count three you will die, boor." I called "One," and the agony on his face was almost comic. "Two," I called, and his features screwed up in an execrable grimace. His sword waved helplessly as I saw de Ryk turn his head away.

"M'sieur," de Bremont begged. "M'sieur . . ."

Now others were turning from the wretched spectacle. "Three," I cried, and thrust not too low. As

"Why did you return the ring?" she cried, struggling to free herself from his arms.





## A Ring for a Lady

long and comfortable, for I could not sleep. I was early out of my bed, resolved to ride forthwith and yet astoundingly reluctant to leave. My love was lame. I remembered, and after all there was history.

It would be pleasant to finish where I left off. I would be pleased to finish where I left off. I was about to do so when I heard a commotion from Paris, and before the arrival of couriers from Paris, I had ridden away, leaving Mademoiselle with the pretty girl as to why one who had made himself ugly and disguised himself had been at such an expense.

"He blinked owlishly. "He is a scholar, my son."

"De Bremont scholarly?" My laugh all but lifted the roof. "Next you will tell me he is handsome and well-figured." He shut his eyes as though in pain, but I was heedless.

"I want the truth, Father. Is he not always the boor and braggart? I found him? I who gambled with him and won his ring, who heard his lying tongue call me cheat, as now my sister calls me liar. I who made fair fight with him . . ."

His mouth fell open. "You fought with Henri?"

"Aye," I cried, "and spared his life."

"Where was this; my son?" he asked at length.

"Do you too, doubt me?" I demanded. "At Derval's, in Paris. There were plenty who witnessed."

For a moment he considered, then, with a quick glance up the stairs, bade me follow him. At the end of a short passage the servant Francois stood sentinel outside a door. At the priest's gesture he stood aside and we entered a sunny room.

Lying on a bed, covered to the chin with a blanket, was a man with hair the color of honey, and in his pale young face a kindness and nobility enhanced perhaps by the gentle sleep into which he had fallen.

The priest took a corner of the blanket and lifted it from the unconscious body, and I saw that, years since, the man had lost an arm and a leg.

"That, my son, is Henri de Bremont," the priest said, and gently replaced the blanket about the broken body. "He was discovered in the depths of Cresney Wood, naked, and left for dead. He had been waylaid on his way to Paris, and it was God's will that I was called to succor one believed to be a dying woodman."

The priest took a corner of the blanket and lifted it from the unconscious body, and I saw that, years since, the man had lost an arm and a leg.

"Unhappily, the women of Spain are beautiful and seductive. I could send there only a happily married man. You, I understand, are a bachelor."

"You Eminence!" I cried. "Give me twelve days to remedy the fault."

"Twelve? I understand a good rider might reach Bremont in four."

"If I was sure of my welcome I could be there in three."

He picked up Isolde's letter and ran his eye over it, his eyes a-twinkle. "M'sieur de Gallois," he said, "when you have had half my experience you will come to understand that the important part of any letter is the lines that lie between."

I knew what he meant. "Your Eminence," I cried, forgetting my manners and already at the door. "Be kind." I begged. "Take Mademoiselle the message that I have exchanged my lame nag for her fastest horse and that it will be my deepest resolve and dearest wish to return it to the Chateau Bremont within two weeks."

He was stammering with bewilderment. "Where shall I say you are travelling?"

"To Paris, Father, to see

what a great man will do with an evil one."

Fast as I galloped, it was two days before I could get audience with the Cardinal. When at last, standing before his great desk, I had finished my story, he looked up slyly. "Monsieur de Gallois, has it not seemed curious that, though you made no secret of your return to a city so inimical to your health, I have not seen fit to have you thrown into the Chatelet?"

"No, your Eminence," I said boldly.

"You disobeyed my edict. You forfeited your life."

"I admit it, your Eminence. But, might I remind you that you, too, have broken the law?"

"How now?" he demanded.

"You, your Eminence, have been harboring a criminal. Indeed, you took him into your own apartments."

He laughed dryly and I breathed again. "Poor Scarface is in the very duc of a pothe," he said. "The more solicitous for his health we become, the greater his anxiety to be gone."

He played with his quill and then looked at me, frowning. "And what are we to do with you, M'sieur?"

"I am in your Eminence's hands."

"Undoubtedly," he said dryly, and, throwing the quill aside, picked up a letter. "While you have been cooling your heels I have had a letter from a lady which confirms all you have told me," he said.

From whom could the letter have come but Mademoiselle Isolde? A flood of gratitude made me speechless.

The Cardinal put the letter down and pressed his fingers together. "You disobeyed my edict and I cannot have you in Paris," he said. "If only you could speak Spanish there is a post in Madrid . . ."

"But I can speak Spanish, your Eminence."

"You can?" His amazement was so pronounced that I knew he was playing with me.

He shook his head. "Unhappily, the women of Spain are beautiful and seductive. I could send there only a happily married man. You, I understand, are a bachelor."

"Your Eminence!" I cried. "Give me twelve days to remedy the fault."

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# Daughter of the House

JOHNNIE and Maura were left to walk behind Desmond and Irene along the paths wet with the moisture which dripped from the trees. Maura broke their silence.

"How long have you been in London?"

"Three weeks."

"You didn't stay on at The Stag?"

"The weather broke about a week after you left. There wasn't much sailing."

"Where did you go?" she said.

"Where?" He paused and seemed unwilling to reply. "We loafed about. At least I did—I know how good I am at loafing."

"No," she said quickly, "I don't know. I don't know how good you are at anything. I don't know you at all."

He halted and gripped her arm, making her stop also and face him.

"That's right—so you don't. You really don't know a thing about me, do you?"

He dropped her arm and resumed his walk. "We're so conceited—all of us—about ourselves. Somehow I imagined you'd know, or guess, just what I would do when I left The Stag. But, of course, you didn't. How could you?"

She stood still, and he, walking on, was forced to stop and come back to her.

"Johnnie, you're not to talk like this. How could I know what you would do—however much I wanted to know?"

"I'm sorry."

They walked on. Maura could see Desmond bent slightly over Irene, in that manner he had towards women to whom he enjoyed talking.

Then Johnnie said, "I'm sorry. We went to Florence first. That was good—for a time. I knew it a little before the war. Looked a bit different, knocked about, and the people are hurt and suspicious. But it was good, just the same, to go back to all the things I'd seen before and find they weren't so different after all."

He gave a little shrug. "I guess it's the permanency of old things that we all cling to. Then we got caught up with the American colony. A tight little bunch who have grown so Florentine that some of them speak English with an accent. It was unfortunate we got mixed up with them, because it left us no alternative between being rude about their invitations or getting out."

"You left?"

"Yes, of course. What else? We went to Venice. It was nice there, he continued, "until the morning I saw Mark Brodney drinking coffee outside Florians. Do you remember I told you about Mark?"

"Yes."

"He's been away from New York for a long time. He told me he was furloughed, and he'd finished another novel. He had just the same effect on me as always. I was dissatisfied and fed up—more than ever I didn't want my kind of life, and I didn't know what else to do."

He was frowning.

"In a kind of way he made me feel a fool, because I was so much less sure of where I was going than he. If he had even told me I was a fool, or told me I was right, I would have known what to do. But he just sat back and listened. In the end Irene went back to Paris to wait for me."

"Wait?"

"I took my time. Walked when I felt like it, and thumbed lifts when I wanted to move on quickly. I stopped at a couple of farms and did odd jobs. Some places didn't want me at all—they were rather suspicious of Americans who didn't arrive in big cars. But I made out. Got to Paris after two months."

"But why, Johnnie?"

"Because I needed to. I needed to shake off my idleness for a while and yet still be free from the sort of work I didn't want to do. Raking out pigpens and mending fences seemed much more desirable just then than drinking highballs and sleeping at the wrong

end of the day. A final fling, Maura."

She knew what it would have been like for him—thumbing lifts out of Florence and heading back north towards France, leaving the car and walking when he had liked the country. He would have done a lot of walking in those two months, calling at farms to buy food and eating it where he chose.

It seemed right for him—even with bad weather and it growing colder as he went farther north, that sort of life would have suited him. She remembered him aboard Rainbird and how much at ease he had been there, light hands when he had been taken the tiller, and quick, unclumsy movements on deck.

That was all Johnnie's world, even dark winter mornings working close to the warm breath of animals belonged to him as much as the days she recalled they had had together in the sun.

"I'm not trying to glorify them, Maura—the people I met on the road. They were just ordinary people, greedy, vicious, fearful, just as people everywhere are. But I learned a lot from them."

He paused a moment.

"It was only two months, though, he went on, "and I was conscious of the need of it all the time. I couldn't loaf around any longer; I had to take a train back to Paris. Even with Irene willing to follow any crazy whim of mine, I knew that finally I must go back to the job I was trained for. It's just one of the truths you run away from, but which sticks all the time. Now I've taken a job with the 'Financial Times'."

"Why that?"

"Because it was offered to me. It isn't much of a job, but it's getting me ready for going back to my own. I guess we'll hang on here for another six months."

They walked faster now, to draw closer to Desmond and Irene, and in the terraces opposite the lights had strung out. In the top window of a house Maura could see the outline of a woman as she paused in the act of drawing the curtains to stare into the darkness towards the invisible lake.

A car passed them quietly, and they crossed the road to Hanover Terrace. They were almost at the end of the terrace when Johnnie spoke again.

"I didn't mean to see you again."

"I know that."

"I didn't come to London because you were here. I can't help what's just happened—perhaps nothing on earth would have stopped it. But I'm going to stay. I can't run out on you, too."

"No, not from me."

They said no more. Desmond had opened the door, and, bunched together, they moved into the hall . . .

The house was not part of Maura's mood that afternoon; it had no place with her memories of standing on the bridge with Desmond and the dim beauty of the water. It did not belong with the terrible bewilderment of seeing Johnnie again. It was the house of Desmond, half-filled with people, warm and brightly lit; and the tinkle of spoons and women's laughter in the drawing-room.

Tom was in place there, and Chris and Marion, and all the familiar figures—even Irene, seated next to Desmond, was not a stranger here. It was only the face of Johnnie which was new, because her imagination had seen him almost everywhere except in this room.

Johnnie was her love of all that was removed from the world of Desmond; he was the toughness and independence which Desmond had not been able to subdue. He was free—at least for the present time—of every one who was like Desmond.

But it was the final submission of all revolt to see him here—his tanned and hardened skin the evidence of his two months' freedom—yielding now to the claims which were reasserting themselves. She looked from Des-

mond to Johnnie, thinking that love was itself the sale of freedom.

They came together at last, Tom and Johnnie, when the tea things had been carried out, and smoke was already beginning to thicken the atmosphere of the room. Tom sat beside Maura, and Johnnie dropped into an easy chair facing them.

"I hear you're going to live in Ireland after you're married," Johnnie said.

"Knowing nothing of the situation between Maura and Johnnie, Desmond cordially invites the young American couple to come home with him and Maura. NOW READ ON:

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They came together at last, Tom and Johnnie, when the tea things had been carried out, and smoke was already beginning to thicken the atmosphere of the room. Tom sat beside Maura, and Johnnie dropped into an easy chair facing them.

"I hear you're going to live in Ireland after you're married," Johnnie said.

"I've been away from Ireland long enough," Tom said. "I'm tired of being there only on visits."

Johnnie turned to Maura. "What will you do with your time there?"

"I imagine she'll have little enough of that on her hands," Tom said. "It's amazing how occupied one can be in Ireland with a great number of things that don't seem like occupation at all. That's the fascination of it." He added, "We're bringing Rainbird across, of course. You have seen Rainbird, haven't you?"

Maura said quietly, "Johnnie was a crew mostly the last time I stayed at the cottage."

"Yes—I'd forgotten," Tom said. "He had been told in those first minutes after introduction that Johnnie had sailed with her, and he had remembered it, she knew."

"Maura will hunt, of course," he continued. "She says she never will, but it makes no difference. In the end she'll give in. We all succumb to the madness of it."

Johnnie nodded slowly. "I guess you do."

A GAIN Johnnie turned to Maura. "Will you miss London? It's a big change."

Tom answered for her. "Maura is half-Irish, and she's no stranger to Rathbeg."

Johnnie got to his feet slowly. "You're right, of course. The Irish have made my own country by the very power of their adaptability. I just wondered, though, how it worked the other way round."

He inclined his head in Irene's direction. "I think we'll move off now, Maura. Sir Desmond has more than enough extra guests on a day like this."

She made no attempt to detain him, but stood beside her father when they were leaving and heard him urge them to come back again, watched them walk down the stairs. Irene's hand on the banister was pale and small. Then she went back to the drawing-room and to her seat beside Tom.

Sudden rain, with black clouds which blotted out the light, had wiped away that first touch of spring. The early days of April were too early, Maura thought, to take the sunshine seriously. It always ended in this anti-climax of rain, running down the windows, dripping from the trees in the terrace.

Even now she could hear, without reacting to watch it, Desmond's move to lay more coal on the fire, and she knew exactly how he would stand before it, poker in hand, talking to his guests.

She continued to stare at the windows, at the rain sliding past them, thinking that when she finally rejoined the group around the fireplace it would be returning to a pattern and

a sight which had become too familiar during these Sunday afternoons of the winter.

Johnnie was there, and Irene, with Desmond close in attendance upon her. Tom was there, and Chris and Marion. And Willa Parker sat on the fender stool toasting her face beside the fire and managing to keep Desmond's eloquence a little in check by the sanity of her remarks.

It was strange to remember, Maura thought, how inevitably Irene and Johnnie had been drawn into this circle, absorbed its atmosphere, had remained held and bound by Desmond's influence and his will.

From the first Irene had been a favorite with him, and he had played greedily upon the fact that they were Americans away from home, and that Johnnie's job kept them in London. There was no escape from his invitation, of course, "We're bringing Rainbird across, of course. You have seen Rainbird, haven't you?"

Maura said quietly, "Johnnie was a crew mostly the last time I stayed at the cottage."

It seemed in these long, quiet Sunday afternoons that Irene and Johnnie were as familiar to the house as Maura and Chris, as familiar as Tom, and much welcomed and loved with his hospitality. Desmond was so naively trusting, so sure, Maura thought, that all about him was right.

Little did he ever guess how much she learned of Johnnie during the Sundays of that winter; how much more of him she knew than the person who had sailed with her and son.

These Sundays gave her time to question him, and she remembered carefully their conversations.

"Do you write home often, Johnnie?"

He nodded. "Whenever there's plenty of good news to give them—like now. I'm sticking to my job and in a few months I'm coming back. I could write them that every day and they wouldn't get tired of hearing it."

"You're not very fair to them."

He dropped his careless tone and almost snapped the answer at her.

"Of course I'm not fair! What else would you expect? One can't help resenting the circumstances, the people who drag you back to something you don't want. They should have had more children. A lot of children gives you room to get rid of the disappointing ones."

She said quietly, waiting for his reaction: "Johnnie, why do you stay on here? You know you're going back."

He turned to her, and in his face she saw and recognised that single look that had passed between them once before on the hill that afternoon at the end of the summer. It was not changed at all.

"Give me time, Maura."

She especially recalled a conversation with Johnnie soon after Christmas.

"Why doesn't Chris get married?" he had asked.

"It isn't very practical," Maura said.

"Why not?"

"My father thinks Chris should be a little better established before he marries. He wants them to wait two years."

Johnnie had turned to her impatiently.

"I don't see why you and Chris allow this tyranny to go on," he said.

"My father has never been a tyrant."

"Perhaps not in appearance, in actual fact he is. One can not just as effectively through affectation as through fear."

"Then it's not tyranny."

"Then it's a kind of hunting needs," said Maura firmly. "One hasn't any part of Father's ability."

He said no more because it was useless to talk to Maura in that fashion about her father. And all through the winter he had watched for a single slip in her loyalty, lost nothing but ever betrayed her into it. He suspected that in her own thoughts there was often a feeling and movement towards revolt which was never allowed expression.

Johnnie wondered, too, about the matter of Tom and Maura. They were not in love. Affection for each other they surely had, an enviable kind of comradeship, but of the necessity of one for the other he was never convinced.

He had questioned her about Rathbeg and about Tom.

"It will be good for me then, Johnnie," she said. The words had been low and sincere, as if the meat to reassure him.

"In the beginning I suppose I'll find it hard to stop being busy—except at the cottage. I've never had time for inessential before. But I don't think I'll ever tire of Rathbeg. I've loved it since I first set eyes on it. And I'll have Rainbird, and a house and garden to look after, as well as Tom's father. And then, she added, "Tom and I will have children."

"Your children will be Catholic, Maura."

She nodded. "Yes, of course. There'll be plenty of Tom's friends who'll deplore my arrival at Rathbeg. There's been a Protestant tradition there for such a long time, so it that way, I suppose, Tom has chosen well. The girl his brother Harry would have married, Séraphine Dermott, was much more like the wife of daughter-in-law Geraldine."

Johnnie could look at her now and recall that conversation, look beyond her to Willa, and picture them again as he remembered them together in Maura's cottage . . .

He felt an overwhelming desire to talk with her alone—to be rid of the eternal clutter of people which surrounded them. Not once in all the intolerable winter had they been alone.

Maura had never emerged clearly from the surrounding clamor—memories of their conversations were as sharp, but always mixed inevitably with the talk of others.

The frustration of it had piled upon him and seemed now to swell and gather in a tumult of anger and disgust. He wondered why he had allowed it to go on—why, in fact, he had ever passed beyond those moments of decision upon the night on Christmas Day.

And was it the impossible hope of achieving something which held him on here, week after week, in this hour where he was never at peace for a moment? What was there to achieve? Maura would never be more to him than in the week he had known her.

Maura liked the Temple best when

Third instalment of our romantic  
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## BY CATHERINE GASKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

Now, the sounds of the working day were gone. It was locked in the heat of its Saturday afternoon, and the warm May sunshine woke the colour of the fire-flowers in the bomb site. They waved high above the tall stones, giving a touch of grace to the weathered piles.

The little cats of the Temple had made their intimate jungle, where they stalked or lay in careless splendor on the broad flat slabs, certain in their knowledge that this wilderness was their own. Maura loved the little ones—shy and unfriendly as they were—as they perched with their thin, quick tails on the broken walls or crouched in solitary ease among the rubble.

She rose now and gathered together her papers, sorted and clipped them, setting the final, fair copy to leave on her father's desk. There the afternoon sun rested richly; the room was dusky and bound with its light, the heavy binding of the law books were lined with years of patient, solemn patience upon the shelves.

The room without her father's presence seemed unfamiliar; the furniture was dark, for none of his love of colour had ever been allowed to abide here. It might have been years of a hundred throughout the walls.

She went and stood by the window, where the sun had warmed the carpet. She knew she would miss all this, her own office here beside her father's and the piles of papers upon it; would miss the pride of a piece of work well handled. Even in the obscurity of her position here she had been happy, and it would be something to remember—perhaps to be sometimes glad over—that she had worked so much when it pleased Desmond and the "greats" of English law.

Footsteps sounded sharply in the sun below, and she leaned further forward. A man halted in the entrance from Middle Temple Lane, and she raised his face to look about to see now that it was Johnnie. She was perfectly still, and her instant reaction was one of dumb wonder and bemusement.

She remained motionless until suddenly she caught the first sound of footsteps on the old timber floor, and then she crossed the room, through the outer offices, and opened the door on to the landing.

He had heard the sound of her movement and paused at the bend of stairs; his face was raised to hers. He waited only a second longer, and then raised up the remaining steps.

"I thought you might have left," he said. "I shook her head. "I've only just finished."

"It's good to see you again. You didn't mind my coming?" he asked.

"No—no, of course not. I'm surprised you've never visited us here before."

"I'm sorry. I don't imagine it's much like Desmond's idea of business to you little social calls in the middle of the day."

"I suppose you're right." She moved him past her in the doorway. Her father's whole life is based upon the fact that he knows how to work out its time to work."

He led the way through the outer office, closed the door of Desmond's room as she passed, and entered her own. "I was thinking about making some tea. They'll be finished at home. Will you have some?"

"Thank you. I'd like that." They drank their tea standing together at her window, saying little, except when Maura pointed to a long, low wall which had laid tentative paws along the crumpling wall.

"That's my favorite one," she said. "He sometimes lets me feed him. But he's mighty independent, as cats are."

They watched as the cat settled itself down comfortably. Maura saw

with pleasure the confident, nonchalant movement.

"Why is it?" she asked, "that they have such powers of fascination? Whether one likes them or not, they compel notice. They're such demanding little creatures, and they give nothing in return. That one," she said, turning away, "doesn't care two hoots for me, but he'll take all I have to give and wait for more."

She added, "But I suppose it's only cats that play that game."

He put down his cup upon the windowsill suddenly and turned to face her.

"Maura, tell me why it is you go along expecting any kind of treatment from people, and why are you content to put up with it? Who has made you feel that you can only expect second best? Is it Desmond? Tell me?"

A faint color had risen in her face; she stared fixedly at the cat.

With his hand he caught her face and swung it towards him. "You're too ready to play second fiddle all the time. You make no claims for yourself."

"What claims are there to make, Johnnie?" She spoke steadily, as if his abrupt touch had given her command of herself and, in a sense, of him also. "Tell me what you think I'm missing. What is it I haven't got for myself?"

"Maura, go and sit down. I want to talk to you," he said.

"I'm not going to sit down, Johnnie. This is my own ground, and if you've chosen to come and talk to me here you do it on my conditions. What is it you want to say?"

He hesitated only a moment.

"I've come to tell you that I've asked Irene for a divorce."

And she said quickly, before he could add anything further, "And what has that got to do with me?"

He took her by the shoulders as if he meant to shake her. "Don't act like a fool or a block of wood. You know that I love you, and that's why I've asked Irene for a divorce."

They looked at each other, and the feeling between them was that shaken agony of the moments when they had kissed in the doorway of her cottage. But now it was strengthened and worsened by all the months they had known each other, by the long Sunday afternoons painfully endured, and the knowledge thus gathered and stored.

"How do you think it's been," he continued, "getting through all this winter?" He had almost shouted the words, but abruptly his voice dropped. "Oh, Maura, it's been ghastly. I shouldn't have stayed in London. I should have gone away."

He made to take his hands from her shoulders, until abruptly she caught at them. "I know," she said. "It's been pretty bad for me, too."

"Maura, I'm sorry!" He kissed her, not passionately but with the full measure of their distress.

"Darling," he said. "Darling, I've made such a mess of things. I should have gone away."

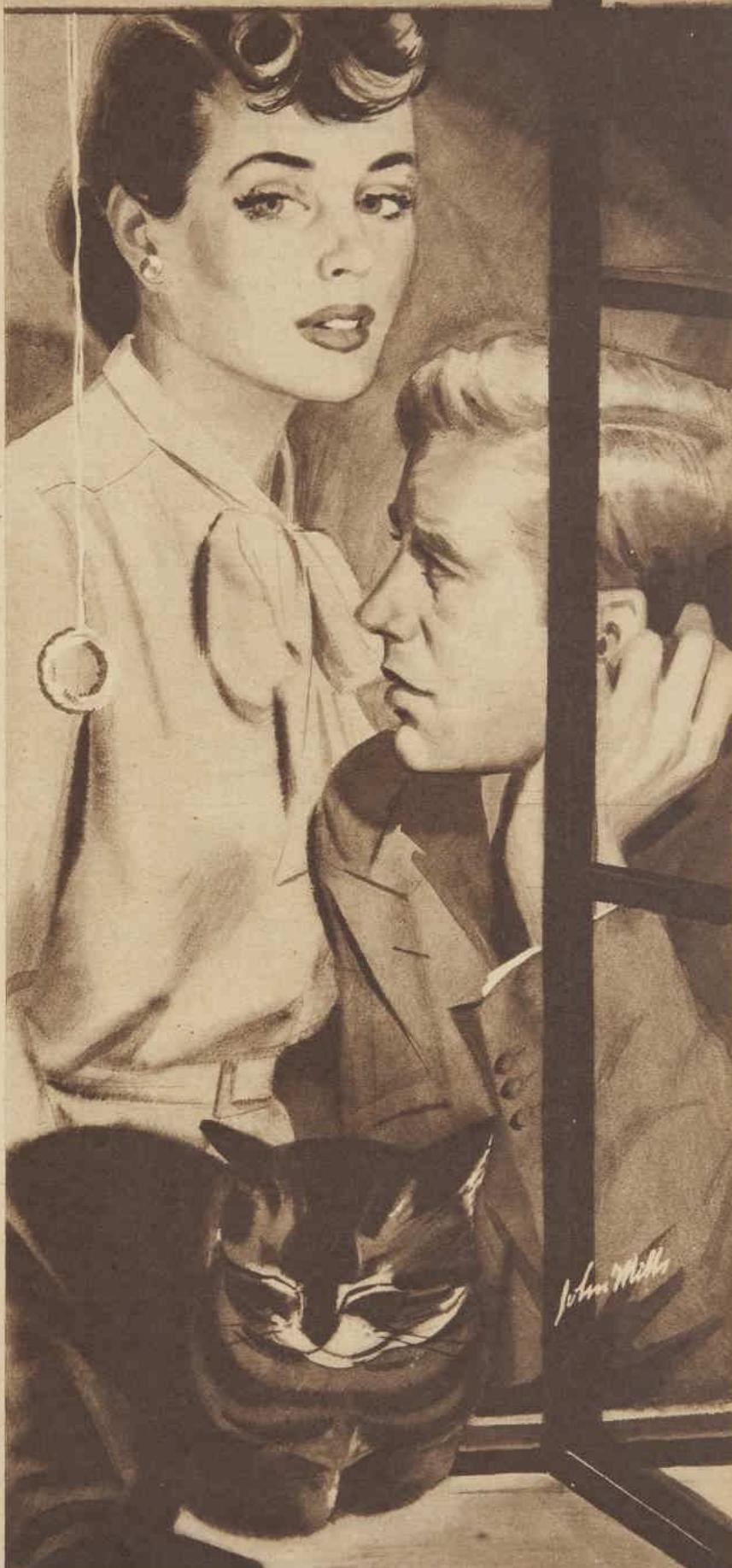
"The blame belongs to both of us, Johnnie. To me as well as you. I've known what it's been like, and I should have come to you long ago and asked you to go away."

"It would have made no difference," he said. "You see, that's what I've been waiting for. If you had asked me to go it would have been because you loved me. We would have been just as we are now—only it would have happened sooner. I meant to have that admission from you whatever happened. You do love me, don't you, Maura?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

He looked at her closely. "It's been to hear you say that that I came to London. I don't think I was fully aware of it, but those months when I was alone after we left Florence

*You were the last kind of woman I imagined myself loving,* Johnnie told Maura, his voice anguished.



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## Daughter of the House

and Venice, I thought of that constantly. I told myself if only I could hear you say that it or not, she's much better away from me."

His voice rose again. "That day in the park can't have been such a strange coincidence. I suppose I walked deliberately in the direction of Hanover Terrace. If it hadn't been that day it would have been some other day. I don't deceive myself any longer that I would have stayed away from you. And I told myself it was just to hear you say you loved me.

"But it's not enough," he ended. "I want much more now. I'm not content to have you only say you love me. That's what Irene had to be told—why I asked her for the divorce."

"What did she say?"

"Hardly a word. Neither yes nor no. She has such courage and dignity. But Irene wouldn't go on with a marriage under conditions like these. We've made a pretty successful partnership so far, but I'm afraid this has busted it wide open. That's where it's all so unfair—because it was my fault in the beginning and none of it has ever been hers. And the fact that she will be generous over this makes it worse."

Maura's hands slid away from his shoulders. "Johnnie, how much have you thought about all this? Have you thought that even if you do have a divorce, I can't marry you as long as Irene is alive?"

He took her back into his arms.

"Because of your religion? My dear, I've thought of that. How much time haven't I spent thinking about it! But it doesn't alter the situation at all. I love you in a way that makes it impossible to continue with Irene."

She put her face down against his shoulder and stood there silently.

Johnnie was speaking again. "Nothing, Maura, can change this decision about Irene. She knows about you and me—as little and as much as there is to know. We could go on with this marriage and it wouldn't be any worse than these last months have been—but she won't have that. She knows what has happened to me and everything that's going to follow."

She raised her head quickly. "What's going to follow? What do you mean?"

"That I'm not going back to the firm."

"What's the use?" he demanded. "Where would it get me? In six months I'd be gone again."

"But I thought it was settled—you were going back and we were going to stick whatever happened."

"Whatever happened, didn't include the eventuality of loving you. Or the way that I love you." There was a note of anguish in his voice.

"Believe me, Maura, I didn't want it. You were the last kind of woman I imagined myself loving. But I'm helpless—I love you because I can't help myself. Until you came I was almost certain that I could go back home and dig in where my father wanted me, but this last month has seen the end of all that. It's the end of everything—even of you."

He put his hand on her hair, pushing it back from her forehead, talking in accompaniment to the gesture.

"I've known all along that a divorce from Irene wouldn't give you to me. I knew you wouldn't marry me. But it's all part of this thing—not being able to have you, I want nothing else. I haven't the least idea of what's going to happen to me, but Irene must

be freed from this torment of uncertainty. Whether she wants it or not, she's much better away from me."

He pressed her face between his hands. "I'm going now. I didn't have any right to come here—you would have been much better off without all this. But I'm too selfish to let you go free—if I was going to suffer, you would know about it. And I wanted to hear you say you loved me. Say it again."

"I love you, Johnnie. Always."

They kissed one another, not tenderly now, but with full passion. Their separation would begin from the moment they stopped kissing, and so they clung to each other with all their foreknowledge of loneliness, all their need of comfort. Finally, the anguish of the moment touched them; it was no longer just the present of their loving but the beginning of the future. They drew apart.

Without a word Johnnie turned from her and walked quickly across the room. She waited, with her back to it, for the sound of the closing door, but a minute of silence passed. She wheeled slowly.

"Johnnie . . ."

He was beside her again, his arms about her.

"Maura, come with me. What does anything matter? You love me, don't you? Is anything more important than that? We could do a million things together—we'd be happy together. I'd make up to you for everything. Maura, you can't send me away when we love each other like this. Maura . . . Maura . . ."

MAURA turned her face away, stark misery in her eyes. "Johnnie, I can't go."

"You've got to go with me. How will I exist without you? I can't exist without you."

"You mustn't ask me. You know it's hopeless. It wouldn't work—it wouldn't work, Johnnie."

"You wouldn't be unhappy, my love. Say you'll come with me. Say you will. Say you will!"

She began to weep uncontrollably. "We can't—I can't."

"You can't send me away. I won't go."

"Please go."

She turned her back on him and buried her face in the curtains, and caught their smell of dust and soot, the London smell. She rubbed her wet cheeks in them furiously.

"I don't want to see you again, Johnnie. You're not to get in touch with me again. You're not to see me. Do you understand?"

"Maura . . ."

"Do you understand? I mean this."

She waited during the intolerable moments of silence for his reply.

At last there came the sound of his movements across the room, and she clung tightly to the curtain to prevent herself calling him back as the door opened and shut. She counted each step on the wooden stair, and then she saw the bright sun on his head as he passed beneath her and through the archway at the entrance of the court.

The tall black cat had stirred in anticipation of his coming, but sank back into its compposure when Johnnie did not look in its direction.

She waited only until she was sure he had gone, until there was little chance of his returning. Then she went to the phone on her desk and rang the Hanover Terrace number.

Her father spoke to her immediately. "Maura, I'm afraid you're working late. Leave it, my child. It can keep until Monday."

"It's finished, Father. It's all right—I've left it on your desk. I wanted to tell you I'm going down to the cottage right away. I expect I'll be back on Tuesday—Wednesday at the latest."

"This is very sudden."

"Just, it is. I'm sorry—I just feel I want to go alone there. I've had enough of London—I'll have to get away from it for a few days."

"There's no time to open the cottage. Rainbird isn't ready for you."

"Rainbird has been down at the slips for the past two weeks. There's always food in the cottage."

After a short pause he said. "Very well, Maura—if you you must."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not asking permission to go down. I intended to go in any case."

"My dear child, I would think of stopping you. You must do exactly as you please."

"Yes . . . yes . . ." And then pain she had fought crept over her, and her whole body was weakened by it. She was unable to talk any longer.

"I'll phone you when I'm coming back. Good-bye."

She replaced the receiver before he could reply. She didn't weep any more as she sat there at the desk. She stared at the window and tried to think of what she must do to hold her control and the little sanity which had enabled her to send Johnnie away.

The first light had begun over the estuary at Hawesford, far down to the horizon to the east. Grey flooded into the black sky, and the new green leaves of May in the trees around Maura's cottage were sharp against it.

Maura's canvas shoes made little sound themselves as she began her walk down from the cottage, but, looking back, she could see her own passage in the dew was still black.

She came to the silent anchorage when the color of the morning was coming in the grey stretches of the sea held in places the faint pink though under the banks to water was still black.

Rainbird rode with the peculiar quaintness of little craft at her mooring, the light on the ripples of the water reflected on her fresh white hull.

As she rowed, Maura noted with satisfaction and delight.

It was at least in things like this, in the grey and pink of the sky over the estuary, in the gentle slap of the water against the hull, in the powerful flight of the sea birds, she would find refuge from yesterday's scenes with Johnnie in the Temple.

Her drive down the road had been frenzied, her heart locked with pain and the sense of loss. It had numbed her all through the endless night when she had sat in front of the hastily built fire of burning and thought about him. She held her head between her hands and remembered his voice and the thousand thoughts about him that she loved.

But she found room in her own torment, his desire to escape from every kind of bond which held him—out that of his love for her.

Before dawn the upper fire kindling had run out, and she had gone, cold and weary, to dress to keep the upper warmth—made when she had tucked up The Stag so late the night before—to meet Willa down here at the anchorage.

Recalled Willa's face, sympathetic and unquestioning, when she had made her request for crew.

Willa would come this morning, calm and matter-of-fact, turning this trip into something.

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

thing normal and usual. By the time they reached the French coast Willa's good sense would have prevailed; Maura herself would be more at ease, and the happenings of the afternoon with Johnnie would have begun to assume a different significance.

In the galley she made coffee with tinned milk left from last summer's supply. The loaf of bread Willa had given her was hardly touched, and when the sharp smell of the coffee grew strong she realised how hungry she was. She opened a tin of jam and ate standing up, staring straight ahead through the port-hole at the bank opposite.

Now and again she glanced at her watch and wondered how much longer it would be before Willa came. And then, in the lane above the anchorage, she heard the sound of a car, and knew it was not Willa. She knew surely that it would be only one person, and she came on deck fearfully.

Johnnie got out of the car slowly. She saw each deliberate movement as part of a whole—gazed upon the scene as if it had all happened before and was produced as an almost forgotten memory. It had the frightening quality of inevitability—and she experienced the feeling of being powerless before him and all these circumstances.

Johnnie walked down the slope to the boat-shed.

"Where are you bound for?" he called.

"Ostend." She said it faintly, and her voice didn't carry across that stretch of water.

"Where?"

## Daughter of the House

"Ostend."

"Want crew?"

"Willa is coming."

He paused, and then said, "I'll go as crew."

She was weak and afraid, and yet not afraid as she had been the night before when she had seen him. His coming had shattered all the peace of the morning, and yet strangely he was a part of it. A movement of pure happiness ran through her, a joy and lightness which had been dead the whole winter.

"You'll miss the tide, Willa."

"We'll go out under power."

"A good sailor doesn't use power."

She took her decision quickly, knowing as she hauled the dinghy close to Rainbird's side and climbed in to row it back to the shallows, that once he came aboard they would sail without Willa.

The day passed with the spectacle of little cargo ships in the North Sea. The wind was from the north, a fresh breeze which gave them good time. The sun had come out warmly, blazing white on the sails and the hulls of other craft. They left the dipping East Anglian shoreline behind, and the slow laughter of the herring gulls.

Maura prepared meals from the tins she had brought down from the cottage. The loaf was finished and they spread jam on hard biscuits. She made coffee, and they drank it together, Maura sprawled on the deck while Johnnie took the tiller.

"I phoned Hanover Terrace at ten o'clock last night," he said.

She looked up at him. "What did you hope to gain by that?"

"I wasn't prepared to accept what you had said. I thought if I could see you again it might be different. They told me you had gone down to the cottage. It took me until three this morning to make up my mind to follow you."

The swish of the waves was like a lulling accompaniment to his words. The plunge and straightening of the vessel had a lovely, deep rhythm.

He continued, "I don't quite know what I expected to happen—I guess my only clear thought was that if we could talk again together you might see my point of view. Or I might be resigned to yours."

"Was that all you came for—to talk? You were your sailing flannels."

He threw back his head and laughed loudly; the sound seemed to hit back at them from the spread of canvas. "I knew I had to be down for the early tide. And I brought my passport."

They laughed together, and he leaned over and kissed her.

For three hours that night



there was no wind. They lay together on deck, watching as the craft rocked gently, the stars swing between mast and forestay.

Johnnie said, "The stars on this side of the world are small and far-away. They look lonely to me. When I see them I remember how the stars looked in the Pacific. Big—much too big, Maura. It was all rather theatrical—like the background of a Broadway musical."

"Do you ever want to go back, Johnnie?"

"Back where?"

"Back to the Pacific? Do you want to see it again?"

"I guess not. It wouldn't do much good."

"Johnnie?"

"Yes?"

"What happened out there—I mean, what happened to you?"

"Nothing much. At least nothing much in the real sense of things happening in war. I lost a few men. I'd grown to trust, and I lost much of my feeling about all the things that meant being at home. I've never replaced them, somehow. I've been sitting inside a kind of vacuum ever since waiting for something to happen. This pushing round the world at a loose end isn't what I want, either."

"Will you find what you want with me, Johnnie?"

"Heaven knows—do you have enough faith in me—do you love me enough to want to stay with me even if I don't find it?" Maura, it sometimes takes more than a woman's love to redeem a man. Do you know that?"

"Yes, I know."

"And you still want to go on with this?"

"Yes."

He caught her closely in his arms. "My love."

"Johnnie . . ."

To be continued



SNAP

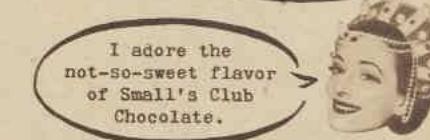
Joy Turpin

dynamic, lovely star of  
J. C. Williamson's Smash-Hit  
Musical "KISS ME, KATE", says:

**"Small's Club Chocolate**  
is as snappy as the bright  
songs in 'Kiss Me, Kate'"



The louder the snap the better the chocolate and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a clear loud snap every time.



I adore the not-so-sweet flavor of Small's Club Chocolate.

"For men only? Fiddlesticks. I'll bet girls love the not-so-sweet flavor of Small's Club Chocolate, too!" says this golden-voiced star. Remember you can enjoy four types of Small's Club Chocolate.

(1) Plain. (3) Almond and raisin.

(2) With Almonds. (4) Fruit and nut.



**Small's**  
—the gourmet's  
chocolate

Sold Everywhere

## SKIN ITCH STOPS IN 7 MINUTES

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples,青春痘, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Shingles, or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles, be miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist in Australia has the new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that gets the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and funguses, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No irritation, however slight, is suffered. Get Nixoderm from your chemist-to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/II EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**

Page 27

# Kathy Korderns

HIS season the print comes back into its own. Its smartness, however, depends on its pattern, which must follow a definite character—geometrical, paisley, or some fine all-over design which from a distance blends into the background to give a one-color effect.



• Foth's slim paisley silk cummerbund dress, above, is worn with a matching swing coat. The black silk jersey of the cummerbund is repeated for a coat trim.

• Balenciaga's tubular one-piece, above, is made in pink twill printed in a shadowy grey design. The model has a matching stole and is worn with black accessories.



• Givenchy's one-piece, right, made in green-and-white flower-printed twill. The dress has full low-set sleeves and skirt fullness caught with side ties of thick cord.

*Paris Notes.*







Vest Style 427  
Briefs Style 378 in  
'Celanese' fabric

Nightgown  
Style 115 in  
'Celanese' fabric

## Cool as starlight

and soft as moonbeams, exquisite new summer lingerie by Hanro, in a range of delightful materials, including, at your request, British 'Celanese' fabrics. They'll flatter your figure, delight you with their lacy loveliness, and keep you cool, so cool, this summer. Treat yourself to sheer satisfaction — Look for, ask for lovely summer undies.

CREATED BY

*Hanro*

FROM 'Celanese' TRADE MARK FABRIC

Pyjamas Style 141  
in 'Celanese' fabric

SOLD BY LEADING STORES  
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Trade Enquiries:

Hanro (Australia) Knitting Mills Ltd., Bendigo, Vic.

HC-22



## AUSTRALIA'S PIN-UP CAR

Eyes light . . . tongues wag . . . excitement prevails. It's love at first, second and every other sight. They're praising her good looks; they're going into raptures over her nimbleness in traffic. They're happy with luggage space and even happier with the way Minor makes room for friends or families. The mechanically minded are wholeheartedly enthusiastic. The thrifty are agog with Minor's amazing low-cost motoring. One and all they're convinced Morris Minor is the best little car in the world.

# MORRIS

**Minor**

The Best little Car in the World

NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., JOYNTON AVENUE, VICTORIA PARK, ZETLAND, N.S.W.

Page 32

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1951

# Food is her new career

If anyone had asked 34-year-old Joy Burns, of Melbourne, a year ago whether she was interested in food marketing, she would have said "definitely not," but now she is well established in a new career in that very same business.

Joy has just arrived back in Australia after 12 months in the United States as the guest of the Supermarket Institute.

JOY learnt the food business the hard way by working as a cashier, a packer, an assistant in the meat, vegetable, and fruit departments of supermarkets in 14 American cities.

Blond good-looking, and enthusiastic, Joy left her East Kew home four years ago to travel.

For two years she worked as a secretary in Johannesburg, South Africa. After that she went on to Great Britain and the Continent.

Then her brother, Reg Burns, asked her to go to America to do some research for him in supermarkets.

Joy told me she confessed utter ignorance of the grocery business to Mr. M. M. Zimmerman, founder of the Supermarket Institute.

"I had to admit it," she said, "otherwise they would have found me out in two minutes. But being honest paid. They did everything they could to help me because I was willing to learn."

The supermarkets fascinated her.

"I had never wanted to do housekeeping or cooking," she said. "But when I saw my

first glamorous supermarket, with all the colorful meat, fruit, and vegetables glistening in the display cases, I was just dying to get a little basket and go shopping.

"I was even prepared to cook."

Although she wasn't a supermarket employee, Joy worked hard.

"I felt I had to know how to do everything," she said. "Just watching wasn't enough. But for the first three months I was on my feet for very long hours.

"The West Coast super-

**By MARGARET BINGHAM,**  
staff reporter

markets opened at 9 a.m. and closed at 10 p.m. seven days a week. Others were open only six days a week."

She learnt to wrap meat in a specially treated "sweet" paper so that it kept its red color.

"If you wrapped it with the wrong side of the paper inside, the meat couldn't breathe and went black straight away," she explained.

Packing was the hardest job she tackled.

**MEAT SELECTION**, explained here to Joy Burns by a supermarket section manager, was one of the aspects of food marketing Joy studied during 12 months in America.

"In busy hours each cashier has a packer, and it's quite a skilled job to pack 30 or 40 dollars' worth of mixed groceries—a housewife's normal weekly supply—into bags," she explained.

"It looks easy enough until you try it."

By working in supermarkets Joy realised the truth of the saying that the American housewife is the boss.

"One supermarket had the slogan 'The housewife is the most important person in the store,'" Joy said. "Another was 'The housewife is your boss.'"

She found that elderly people did their shopping in the morning, but most young housewives with children waited until late afternoon when their husbands came home.

Then it was a family outing, with the husbands taking as much interest in the weekly shopping as their wives.

## In the kitchen

You will find dozens of reasons for using "BEAR TAPE". It will seal that luncheon packet at a touch; in fact, if you wish to hold, fasten, mend or reinforce, "BEAR TAPE" is clearer and stronger, it seals tighter, holds faster, mends better. "BEAR TAPE" works like magic... in kitchen, office, and workshop.



## BEAR TAPE

CELLULOSE TAPE

BRAND



**LOST CORKS.**  
When you lose a cork from a salt shaker, seal with "BEAR TAPE."

**HOLD SHELF PAPER.**  
Transparent "BEAR TAPE" holds fancy shelf paper firmly.

© 1952, THE BEAR TAPE COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

782/1

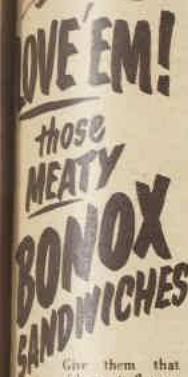
## SAVE MONEY CLEANING WINDOWS

with handy BON AMI CAKE



Get Bon Ami Cake to-day. See how this grit-free cleaner quickly gives a super-shine to your windows, mirrors, tiling, glass shelves and metal fixtures. It cleans clean—leaves no hazy film. Try it to-day!

## BON AMI Cake



Give them that rich, meaty flavour no one—not even the high and mighty—can resist! Spread the concentrated goodness of pure beef on bread for the juiciest, most nourishing sandwiches of all. And Mother—name Bonox is rich in spices to pep up drowsy appetites. Like 'em? You'll love these Bonox sandwiches. Delicious on toast, too—and, of course, Bonox adds flavour to your cooking, in 2 1/2 lb. and 16 oz. bottles and specially low-priced 16 oz. sizes.



Made by KRAFT.

AFTER SURF AND SUN  
Gentle softens and shores, and  
gives the life to your hair with  
MODE-O-LENE HAIR VITALIZER.

Available in handy tubes,  
hairdressers', and stores.

MEET LITTLE MO

Seventeen-year-old Maureen Connolly, world champion women tennis player, is looking forward to her Australian tour. Little Mo, to Australians. Get your copy to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

*It's not the sox in your life -*

*... it's the life in your sox -*

*that counts!*



## Guaranteed against holes!

**amazing**

**HOLEPROOF**

# ZEALONS

Yes it's true! Now you can buy the nicest sox made — plus a "no-hole" guarantee! Zealons are genuine money savers — and trouble savers too, as they banish darning cares.

Nobody likes to darn sox. Nobody likes to wear sox with a darn in them. All 3 and 6-life Zealons are guaranteed to wear without holes for months — at least three to six times longer than ordinary sox. You get a new pair if they don't do so.

*No other sox carry this guarantee!*

In the amazing Zealon range you have the choice of three different types — in short and long sox — at various prices. There are 2-life Sox, 3-life Sox, and 6-life Sox at prices from 7/11 to 12/6 per pair.

Many stores have a complete range of Zealons. For your own benefit, try them right away — and keep them in mind as Xmas gifts that will be certain to please.

ZEALON —  
the everlasting fibre — it  
Wool's best friend.

WOOL ZEALONS  
contain — 75% Wool  
25% Zealin

The marriage of Zealon  
to Wool makes Wool-Zealons the world's  
best Sox.

### STOP PRESS!

Amazing LITTLE Zealons and WOOL Zealons are now available in ladies' Sockettes. They are guaranteed to outwear 3 pairs of ordinary Sockettes. They'll be replaced if they don't! See them at your favourite store right away.

# HOLEPROOF

AN ORGANIZATION OF 2000 PEOPLE.  
BY FAR THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SOX AND STOCKINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

# Recipes

**for Home Baking**  
Use standard measuring cups and spoons for accuracy, and weigh where necessary.

Have all ingredients ready for use before cake mix is started; this cuts out delays, and gives best results. Bake immediately after mixing.

## Afternoon Tea Sessions

1 LB. FLOUR  
1 LEVEL TEASPOON "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER  
1 EGG  
1 OZ. BUTTER OR GOOD QUALITY MARGARINE  
1 OZ. SUGAR  
1 PINT MILK (or a little more if necessary to get right consistency of dough.)  
1 LEVEL TEASPOON SALT

- Preheat oven to 300° F. electric (gas).
- Flour a board generously.
- Grease a 12 oz. tin generously.
- Sift flour and baking powder into a bowl.
- Cream together in a separate bowl butter or margarine and sugar.
- Add egg to butter-sugar cream.
- Add salt.
- Add sugar and mix thoroughly with a fork.
- Mix in milk with a fork to form a sticky dough.
- Turn onto the floured board and knead dough to about 1" thickness.
- Cut into rounds with a cookie cutter and place on slide.
- Cover with milk.
- Bake in oven for 8 to 12 minutes until cakes are golden brown.

## Madeira Cake

1 OZ. PLAIN FLOUR  
1 LEVEL TEASPOON "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER  
1 OZ. BUTTER OR MARGARINE  
1 OZ. SUGAR  
2 EGGS  
1 PINT MILK

- Preheat oven to 425° F. electric (gas).
- Cream a 2" cake tin generously.
- Sift flour and baking powder together into a bowl.
- Cream butter and sugar together in a bowl.
- Add eggs one at a time to the creamed mixture, beating well after each addition.
- Add sifted flour and baking powder a little at a time and beat thoroughly until mixed.
- Fold in vanilla essence (or flavouring) and milk and mix well.
- Pour into greased tin.
- Bake in oven for 40 to 45 minutes.
- Cake may be served or cut, as preferred.

## Kisses

4 OZ. PLAIN FLOUR  
1 OZ. CINNAMON  
PINCH OF SALT  
2 LEVEL TEASPOONS "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER  
4 OZ. BUTTER OR MARGARINE  
4 OZ. SUGAR  
2 EGGS

- Preheat oven to 470° F. electric (gas).
- Cream a 2" cake tin generously.
- Sift flour, cinnamon, salt and baking powder together twice in a bowl.
- Place butter or margarine and sugar into a separate basin and beat together.
- Break eggs in one at a time, beating well after each addition.
- Add sifted flour mix slowly, mixing thoroughly to form a soft dough.
- Dust hands with talcum powder and roll out small sausages on greased slide. Makes approximately 18 single cakes.
- Bake in oven for 10 minutes.
- The cakes do not brown.
- Stick leaves together with jam.

## Aunt Mary's

### CREAM OF TARTAR

### Baking Powder

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER can be used with my recipe. See simple conversion table, on every can of Aunt Mary's, where using recipes that do not specify plain flour and baking powder.

### MOTHER



"Ring me back later, will you, dear?  
Say, around midnight."

### BUTCH



"My lunch was right. Nobody'd be coming home from music lessons after midnight."

YOU WOULDN'T WEAR SNOW BOOTS  
WITH A SWIMMING COSTUME!

Similarly . . .

## A FINE WATCH DESERVES A FINE HANDLEY BAND!



"GEMATIC" CLASP

FURNITURE makers in America advertise a desk which costs the equivalent of £3000.

It is not for the likes of you and me, who would expect a house for £3000, but we can dream, can't we?

It has built-in lighting, an electric razor, a concealed radio, a humidifier for cigars, whisky bar, and refrigerator.

The makers don't mention any feminine version of this desk, but it should not be beyond them.

Cigars, razor, and whisky could be replaced by a cosmetic bar, electric hair dryer

(for wet sets for busy executives), and an automatic slot machine for clean white gloves.

The owner of such a desk would doubtless be tied to it (by a golden chain), so a nice addition would be a roll-top canopy, aiding him, in moments of gloom, to pull his head in.

When you're faultlessly dressed for an important occasion, does your watch-band — your most important jewellery accessory — do justice to your watch and to you? The perfect complement to a fine watch is a fine Handley GEMATIC band available now at your jewellers in a superb range of 24 beautiful designs for men and women.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE As tangible evidence of their confidence in the workmanship of GEMATIC bands, Handley's guarantee to repair or replace without cost to you, any GEMATIC band which develops a defect through faulty workmanship or material.



"KLOSEFIT" END

— eliminates gap next to watch

— holds band firmly yet locks with absolute security

of watch.



Handley

See the range of "artist-styled" Handley watchbands and bracelets at your jeweller's.

your fingertips  
like flashing jewels



Peggy Sage

offers you  
20 BEWITCHING COLOURS  
PLUS six wonderful new  
"shimmering" shades.

The jewel-like lustre of Peggy Sage is pure flattery for your hands. This smooth-flowing, long-lasting nail polish comes in a range of glorious colours including six new "shimmering" shades. Ask to see the Peggy Sage range for complete hand loveliness.

Peggy Sage

LOVELIEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

*"Luvisca"*  
FASHIONED BY  
*Pelaco*



Australia's  
finest shirts



LUVISCA IS A *Courtaulds* FABRIC  
THE CLOTH THAT WEARS AND WEARS AND WEARS



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL  
THAT COMBINES SERVICEABILITY  
AND STYLE

N.P.T.

Page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

# YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN

Are chaperons necessary

or are they "old bats"?

Few adults relish the role of chaperon, if for no other reason than that it makes one's own youth seem even farther away than usual. But what do the chaperoned think?

There would be many different opinions from the three girls and three boys I asked about it. But these six are fairly representative of teenagers working in their first jobs.

Apparently the idea of chaperonage doesn't bother them as it formerly did the scornful generation of "blaming youth." In fact, the girls actually welcomed the service as a protection. The boys accepted it as a silly but established practice.

The boys were a little reticent about it, certainly. A girl's parents who inquired where a boy was taking her, who else was going, what time the party would end, etc., were "naggers" and "old bats." But the answers were given without rancor.

The girls all agreed that the only time a chaperon was needed was for a week-end or holiday.

MARIA was astonished that a boy and a girl should go away unchaperoned.

"I don't think even a group of boys and girls could go away unchaperoned," she said. "It's not the done thing and it definitely makes people talk."

JILL agreed, but does not give a fig for it.

There's too much emphasis on what other people think," she protested. "This 'what will people think?' attitude drives me crazy. It's bad that people think, and they'll talk about anything, anyway."

The aspect I'm thinking of is the unfairness of putting boys and girls into such temptation. I'm not wary of two girls going away by themselves for a week-end or holidays unless they're stable to a degree.

"If they do get into trouble, I blame their parents for not looking after them."

THIS is Janet's opinion:

"Possibly it's all fair and above board for boy and a girl to spend their holidays together, but I think it doesn't look right. The 20th century has a certain amount of liberty for young people, but this is going a bit too far."

JUST when I felt I'd heard enough of Burl Ives for a while, up he bolts with a hit, the fine country-style number to make the big time on overseas parades. It's "Wild Side of Life" (YG399). You'll recognize the tune (it did duty for "Dreaming To-night of My Blue Eyes"), but the lyrics are new. Reverse is "It's Goodbye and So Long To You," with Burl in Latin-American tempo.

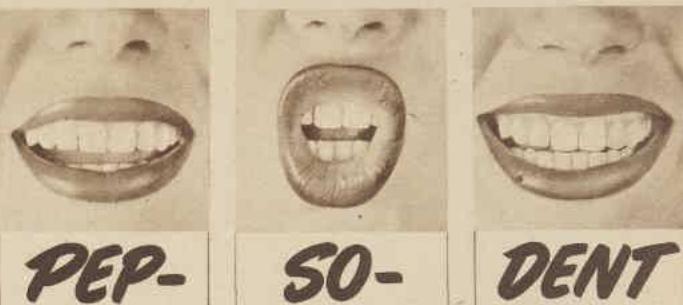
## DISC DIGEST

EC191 with "Lygia," based on a Miklos Rozsa theme from the film "Quo Vadis?" An indeterminate tune, but Mario is in wonderful voice, even to the Caruso sob. And just for good measure the coupling is an equally plushy version of "Temptation." What more could you want? \*

FROM Columbia's archives comes the richest popular issue in years. Eight vintage Crosby waxings of 20 years ago, some of them not pre-



# WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



Only Pepsodent contains Irium to get rid of FILM

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel the film? Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient. And Pepsodent does not contain harsh abrasives — its extra cleaning power.

**BUY THE BIG, NEW ECONOMY TUBE**  
— plenty for all the family



Miss Joyce Ferguson,  
Sydney Secretary,  
gave us her smile for  
these pictures.

P-36 WW612

8 Children and a barber husband-

**RINSO's thicker, richer suds a must!**



WITH 8 CHILDREN,  
THERE'S QUITE A PILE OF  
COLOURED ON WASHDAY. ONLY  
RINSO GETS THEM BRIGHTER  
THAN BRAND NEW!



15 DOZEN BARBER  
TOWELS IN THE WASH EACH WEEK,  
BUT MY WIFE SAYS IT'S EASY TO  
GET THEM DAZZLING WHITE  
WITH RINSO!



A FINE  
LEVER  
PRODUCT

The Millers of 5 Van Ness Ave, Glen Iris, Victoria are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds can't compete with the magic of Rinso's thicker, richer suds.

**NOW IN 2 SIZES** Standard and Big Economy Size

2-328 WW612

Page 37



### "Mail orders accepted"

Many women order by mail. Some because distance prevents them from visiting shops. Some because commitments will not permit a trip to town at the time. But whatever the reason, wise women will enclose a "not negotiable" Bank of New South Wales cheque with the order — for paying by "Wales" cheque can ensure that the money is available only to the store concerned. Ask the Manager of your local "Wales" branch; he will be glad to tell you how the "Wales" can help you in this and many other ways.

It is more convenient to pay by "Wales" cheque.

### BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

AS209C

"I'LL BE ALONG IN  
A FEW MONTHS  
MUMMY-BETTER  
LAY-BY PLENTY OF  
DRI-GLO NAPS"



Nowadays, besides being the softest, most cushiony, most absorbent naps a baby ever had, our Dri-Glo naps come in two weights.

The regular weight and also a special lightweight nap for quick drying in winter and wet weather.

They're both woven in 100% hygienic bleached cotton with that extra-strong double warp, and the special non-fray edge for extra wear.

### DRI-GLO NAPS



Dri-Glo also makes nursery towels for Baby.

A doctor writes about . . .

# Some of my patients

### Light diet for ulcers . . .

### Shingles are painful

I SPENT a few hours fishing with John Birmingham last Sunday. I hadn't seen him for some time and was thoroughly enjoying the outing—the fish were even biting—when John suddenly looked distressed. "What is it?" I asked.

"Just a pain," he said. "I get it sometimes. Do you mind if we sit down for a while?"

"Not at all," I said, taking his line while he walked towards our lunch gear.

I rewound the lines and joined him. John was drinking some lollywater and munching a sandwich.

"That's better," he said. "Might be the old ticker, eh, Greg?"

"I don't diagnose before dinner," I said with a laugh. "Let's get home, though, and if you come round to-night I'll check you."

Later I asked him, "Do you find your pain goes when you eat?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you get it often?"

"Mostly between meals, and sometimes at night."

His abdomen was painful when I pressed over the duodenum.

"Stop worrying about your heart, John," I told him. "You probably have a duodenal ulcer. We'll have you rayed to-morrow."

"Ulcer!" exclaimed John. "Look here! I'm not an ulcer type. I'm not haggard with worry. I'm fat."

"If you had a gastric ulcer," I explained, "you'd most likely be thin, because you'd bring back most of your food."

"Because eating relieves your duodenal ulcer, you eat more than average, so you're fat! As for worry, you do your share of that, I know, but you're an undercurrent worrier, aren't you?"

"I guess I am," he confessed.

The x-ray showed the ulcer crater I'd expected.

"You can control the danger of this becoming perforated or acute by sticking to treatment, John," I told him. "Watch your diet and you should keep pain-free and well with the aid of some medicine."

"Eat grills, milk puddings, only stewed fruits, and drink plenty of milk. Avoid highly seasoned foods and those cooked in fat, although fresh cream is good for you. Eat no raw vegetables."

"Anyhow, I'll give you a diet sheet to go by and some medicine to take before and after meals."

"Thanks, Greg," said my friend, "but I'm certainly surprised. There won't be much fun landing a fine, fresh flat-head if I can't fry him with

loads of chips," he said sorrowfully.

"Flathead's very nice with parsley sauce, too," I said.

"Nice, but not very heroic," murmured John.

CALLING at the Ed-wards' in response to a request, I found Mr. Ed-wards feeling rather low.

An elderly man, he complained of pain in the left side of his chest. His tem-perature was slightly raised, but I could find nothing definite when I examined him.

"Do you think it's flu?" asked his wife.

"At this stage I can't be sure what is causing the trouble, Mrs. Edwards," I told her.

"Give him two aspirins every couple of hours to relieve him. I'll see him in the morning, but if you're worried during the night give me a ring."

Next day there was no doubt about what had been brewing in my patient. Around one of his left ribs the skin was very inflamed and covered with a neat line of little, white, fluid-filled lumps. Also, he was suffering a great deal of pain.

"What on earth have I got, Doctor?" he asked. "It looks like chicken pox, but I'm sure chicken pox never hurt like this. It's a burning sort of pain."

"You've got the 'Sacred Fire,' " I said. "It is more commonly known as shingles."

"Did I catch it from somewhere?"

"Probably," I answered, "but I wouldn't like to hazard how. Shingles is a virus which invades the nerve fibres. That's why you feel it so acutely."

"Keep him on aspirin," I told Mrs. Edwards. "I'll prescribe something stronger to relieve the discomfort. Use coal-tar lotion and calamine locally and keep the shingles protected with cotton wool. A binder will hold it in place."

"You'll probably feel a bit miserable for four or five days, Mr. Edwards," I said. "Stay in bed and keep up the treatment. I'll see you soon."

Sometimes, in sufferers from shingles, the pain continues for a long while after the skin eruption has cleared up, and it is stubborn to treatment. In a severe case the stronger antibiotic may be used.

Fortunately, Mr. Edwards seems rid of his "Sacred Fire." Incidentally, the shingles virus is similar to that of chicken pox, and it has been noted that chicken pox may occur in households where some member recently has had shingles.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.



### the friendly foods

wholesome — nutritious — satisfying  
—Imperial Canned Foods give variety  
and zest to any everyday or  
impromptu meal, at home, in the bush,  
at the beach. Ready-to-serve,  
at a sensible cost.

### The Best canned foods are branded **Imperial**

*They're Flavour-Sealed!*



IMPERIAL LUNCHEON BEEF SALAD  
Our illustration shows how simply  
sliced, chilled Imperial Luncheon  
Beef can be attractively arranged  
with salad vegetables, egg and  
nourishing.

### For feminine hygiene

Women trust Dettol because they have seen doctors and nurses use it. Dettol is deadly to germs but gentle to human tissue. It does not pain or stain and is an effective deodorant.



### DETTOLE

*The Modern Antiseptic*

OBtainable from all chemists

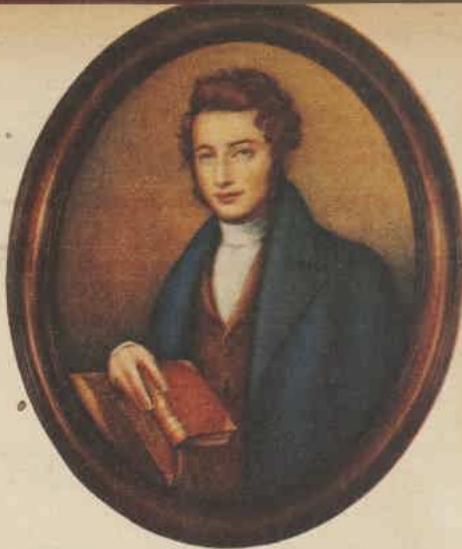
### WHEN GOOD QUEEN BESS RAN A LOTTERY

Lotteries of the kind now run in Australia have a long family tree. The first English lottery recorded was one in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I (Good Queen Bess). An illustrated report on this first of all English lotteries is supplementary to a survey of current Australian lotteries published in the November issue of A.M. Get your copy of the November A.M. to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

# From a Doctor's Vineyard Grew Penfolds Great Wine Empire

In 1844, Dr. Rawson Penfold came to settle in the young colony of South Australia. He thought that good wine, which he considered so important to the health of his patients, might be difficult to obtain in the new country. So before he left he made a collection of vine cuttings from the famous vineyards of Europe. These he planted at Magill, in the Adelaide foothills, and it was soon found that the warm Australian sun and the rich, loamy soil at Magill could produce wine which was unequalled elsewhere in the world.



## Penfolds own the finest of Australia's Vineyards

Today Penfolds own Vineyards and Wineries in each of the best vinegrowing districts of Australia. With Australia's choicest grapes at their command, and over a hundred years' experience of the vintner's art, Penfolds produce the best wine of every type. The map at left shows Penfolds 16 Vineyards and Wineries—each of which is ideally suited for the production of one or more types of wine. In South Australia there is Magill, Morbury, Auldana, Home Park, McLaren Vale, Eden Valley, Nuriootpa, and Kalimna. In New South Wales—Dalwood, Sparkling Vale, Hunter Valley, Penfold Vale, South Ridge, Minchinbury, Griffith, Mirrool.

## English oaken casks develop the quality of Penfolds wine.

To enjoy wine at its best it must be thoroughly matured in casks made from old English oak. During the last one hundred and eight years Penfolds have imported sufficient casks to allow millions of gallons of wine to mature in their cellars at once. If placed end to end they would stretch for 35 miles. Penfolds have easily the largest capacity in Australia for maturing wine in oak. This is why Penfolds wines are mellower.

**There is a Penfolds wine  
for every occasion.**



### "How and when to serve wine"

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Please send me the free booklet, "How and when to serve wines."

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A.W.W.19/11/52

Obtainable from leading Hotels, Wine Retailers and Licensed Grocers

# London Talk

By Michael Plant

**WHEN** the Queen's milliner, Aage Thaarup, was ushered into a private salon at Buckingham Palace the other day, there was the Queen sitting in an armchair reading the evening paper and wearing the Imperial State Crown.

"I'm just getting used to it," said Her Majesty. "It weighs a ton."

(It weighs 2lb. 7oz. to be exact.)

The crown, which had been sent over from the jewel house at the Tower of London, is the one she will wear for her Coronation drive.

Unfortunately, it does not fit the Queen's head. After consultation with Mr. Thaarup and the tape-measure, the crown was sent off to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company for a few alterations.

**LONDON** is already suffering from Coronation hysteria and the "Personal" columns of the newspapers are crammed with little advertisements.

Not all of them are asking for seats or accommodation. I noticed this pathetic example:

"Coronation — could any dear, kind person please lend or hire robes to Baron and Baroness?"

A FRIEND motoring through France came on a surprising sight at the little village of Gif-sur-Yvette, 25 miles from Paris.

The Duke of Windsor had called in to see how work was progressing on the romantic 200-year-old mill which he is converting into a home.

Apparently an argument arose with the foreman as to where the front door knocker was to be placed.

After a moment's heated exchange in French, the Duke tore off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and screwed the troublesome knocker into place himself.

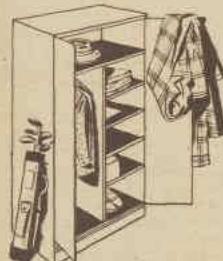
Miss Oakie, who specialises in ladylike poses in the most feminine clothes, was more than happy about being photographed puffing an enormous Corona-Corona.

However, when it was pointed out that many famous women, including American beauty Lillian Russell and writer George Sand, were confirmed cigar-smokers, she withdrew her protest.

## RIVETS



## Have you ever thought of a steel cupboard for your weekend home?



**For guest houses...schools.** Steelbilt cupboards never wear out. Owners are getting as much for them today as they paid for them 20 years ago. Steelbilt stands up to hard knocks by boarders or school children—yet always look neat and streamlined.



**Dad will feel like a professional** carpenter or engineer when you give him a set of Steelbilt shelves for his workshop or garage. Small sets. Big sets. Can be added to later. Everything will be tidy at last.

**Steelbilt shelving saves space and money** — Steelbilt shelving costs no more than wood, but unlike wooden shelving you can move or sell whenever you want to. If you have to alter your original shelving ideas you can do so quickly with Steelbilt.

**Gardeners:** Beautifully cool, airy storage for bulbs. Non-rusting. Gardening tools, paints, fuse wires—always you'll know where they are.



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# Steelbilt

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**QUEENSLAND:** Steelbilt Limited, Venner Rd., Yeerongpilly, Brisbane. JW4001  
**SA. AUSTRALIA:** Steelbilt Limited, Owen St., Woodville Nth., Adelaide. M6771  
**TASMANIA:** Wormald Brothers (Tas.) Pty. Ltd., Sanderland St., Mooneah, Tas. Hobart WO498. Launceston, Mowbray 63

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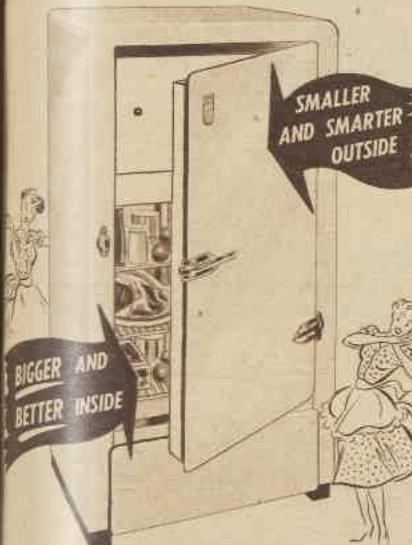
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RE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

# Worth Reporting

**MANY** nursery rhymes that generations of children have babbled so innocently were not originally meant for them, but for adults.

This rather shattering discovery was made by an English couple, Iona and Peter Opie, who compiled the recently published Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes.

The unsuitability of some old rhymes in the mouths of babes was stressed when the authors were rehearsing for a recent B.B.C. television programme and had to censor hastily the use of one ambuguous ditty.

Mr. and Mrs. Opie, who are authorities on children's literature and folk-lore, have three children themselves.

The two elder ones took an active interest in the dictionary by finding new versions of nursery rhymes among their contemporaries.



"I think she came back last night for a few minutes while I was asleep."

A YOUNG veterinary science student was given a cheap paper-backed copy of "The Horse's Mouth" Joyce Carey's novel about an old reprobate of an artist, and decided to play truant from his text books to read it.

He was lying restfully on his bed enjoying it when his mother came in to see if he was studying hard.

"Whatever will they do next? Fancy printing textbooks in paper covers."

Women who wait

A USTRALIANS who find it hard to realise that the war in Korea has anything to do with them would see it in a different light if they were next-of-kin of soldiers fighting there.

At a meeting of the Korean Auxiliary, Royal Australian Regiment, in Sydney the other day, we met Mrs. Sydney Greville, soldier's wife and mother of soldiers.

One of her sons, 27-year-old Captain Phillip Greville, was taken prisoner in Korea four months ago, and no word has been received of him since.

His wife is secretary of the hard-working auxiliary whose members meet planes bringing soldiers from Korea, visit sick and wounded Korean veterans in hospital, and send money to Japan for the distribution of parcels.

The Phillip Grevilles' one-year-old son, Roderick, was four months old when his father saw him last.

Mrs. Sydney Greville's other son, Captain Lee Greville, has just returned after a year in Korea, and her husband, Lt.-Col. Greville, is at home now for 12 months' sick leave after four years' service in Japan.

### Two-timing Beethoven

BEETHOVEN'S brother once behaved most unethically by trying to sell the same piece of music, composed by the famous Ludwig, to two different music publishing firms.

Mr. Leslie Boosey, head of the music publishing firm of Boosey and Hawkes, and a director of the Covent Garden Opera House, told us this during his recent visit to Sydney.

"Beethoven's brother tried to sell the music to my grandfather when it had already been bought by another firm," said Mr. Boosey, shaking his head sadly.

"It's strange how the best composers have the worst handwriting," he commented. "Vaughan Williams' writing needs a professional to decipher it."

He also recalled Australian May Brabe's well-known song "Bless This House."

"Originally it was called 'Bless the House,'" Mr. Boosey explained. "It was due to Irish singer John McCormack that the title was changed.

"He felt that the title was not personal enough and suggested 'Bless This House.' So with May Brabe's permission the song took its present name."

### Advice from W.M.H.

ON the day Billy Hughes was buried, 19-year-old naval recruit David White held his own two minutes' silence in honor of the old man.

He recalled some advice Mr. Hughes gave him five years ago, when he met him at a dinner at the Hughes' home.

This is what Billy said:

"As one Welshman to another I'd like you to be a success and carry the torch of fearlessness and truth."

"Try not to be a mediocre fellow. Being a Welshman, be satisfied with only the best."

"If you have a gospel, shout it from the rooftops, whatever it is. I don't mean to make make yourself a nuisance, but make others see it as you see it."

"Of course, my boy, you may not always be loved, but, don't forget, respect is the most important thing."

### FOR THE CHILDREN



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*The Best of its Kind!*



Model 303 "JUBILEE" Table Stove



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**COLEMAN** Instant-lit Pressure Appliances are designed to burn safely in any position, at any angle. They cannot spill fuel if accidentally overturned . . . all fuel is safety-sealed in the fuel tank. For over 30 years COLEMAN Instant-lit lighting-petrol, burning Stoves, Irons and Lights have proved trouble-free and absolutely safe. Kerosene-burning Quick-lite models also available.

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## HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW

depends  
a lot  
on  
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TAKE  
**Beecham's Pills**  
TONIGHT  
THE PURELY  
VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

# For Quicker Cleaner, Easier Cutting!

THE REMARKABLE MODEL B

**I**N appearance, performance and quality, there is nothing to equal the Ogden—the most modern lawn mower you've ever seen or used! The new Ogden Model "B" offers a host of extra advantages. Its 6 carbon-steel, keen cutting Rotor blades are heat-treated-and-ground and are set closer to the wheels to ensure a minimum amount of edge cutting; its bottom blade is hardened—and ground, too. Additionally, the Ogden has a spring-loaded clutch mechanism that actually improves with wear—and it is equipped with self-lubricating bearings!

Look it over—lift it up! There's a mere 35 lbs. that simply glides over your lawn on two treaded rubber tyres which "take" any jar or strain. Ask to see the Ogden Lawn Mower at any Hardware Merchant or Store.



OGDEN

LAWN MOWER



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*Garden Lovers*



### The OGDEN Square Spray

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12/9 EA.



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*At last I'm free  
to look after my little family—  
thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids*



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, at it was too sore to lie on... For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

If YOU suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, sick headaches, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

—as they helped this young mother and her family. There is the story of thousands of other Australians. Rheumatis, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that these and kindred ailments cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away crippling everyday poisons with a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

#### How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatics, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your tiredness, your aches and pains are quickly relieved, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

#### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe and sure

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief to generations of Australians from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid. If you, or yours, suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and start a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course TO-DAY

Dr. Mackenzie's  
Menthoids

7/6 and 4/- EVERYWHERE

**DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**  
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD



1 YOUNG Denry Machin (Matthew Guinness) fights bullies who taunt him as "washerwoman's son." He vows to do better in future.

2 CAPTIVATED by Countess of Chel (Valerie Hobson) when she calls on his legal boss, mature Denry sets to work and wrangles an invitation to one of her social do's.

#### Alec Guinness in "The Card"



3 DANCING TEACHER Ruth (Glynis Johns) encourages Denry to take dancing lessons. They are mutually attracted.



5 DAY'S holiday at the seaside is shared by Denry, Ruth, and her placid friend Nellie Cotterill (Petula Clark), left. She also falls for Denry.



7 IDEA of Universal Thrift Club, with Countess as patroness, also brings Denry profit and acclaim. His romantic fancy wavers between Nellie and Ruth.



4 SUCCESS at his cabaret where Denry gallantly cavorts with Countess, results in the loss of his job.



6 TOURIST excursions to scene of boatwreck are organised by resourceful Denry. He plans new enterprise with considerable profits, has quick success.



8 DENRY pops the question when he learns of Nellie's plan to migrate to Canada. He climaxes career by becoming town's youngest-ever Lord Mayor.



GINGER ROGERS (left) as Gloria Marlowe, glamourous silent-film star enjoying a sensational comeback on television, approves of Jeffrey Hunter's night-club companion, Anne Francis, in "Dream Boat."



DREAM BOAT Bruce Blair (Clifton Webb) in his boyish role as kingpin of silent films. Noted fencing master Fred Cavers taught Webb the art of manipulating foil and rapier as part of his training for the role.

## DREAM BOAT

● Television gets a lampooning in this new Fox comedy-drama, which stars Clifton Webb and Ginger Rogers. The joke is on staid college professor Webb, a former silent-film hero, whose old films are re-issued on a television programme starring Ginger Rogers, his one-time leading lady.



QUEEN of the silent "flicks" in all her glory, Ginger Rogers, costumed and made up for a flashback sequence in the comedy "Dream Boat," waits for a call on set. In the late '20's, when the Charleston craze swept America, Ginger won a number of contests that started her along the road to Hollywood stardom. She dances the original Charleston in "Dream Boat." Ginger also sings and croons a duet with co-star Clifton Webb.

*Serve that XMAS DINNER piping hot with*

**THE FAMOUS Hawkins ELECTRIC CHEFMObILE**

Cook your meal in the cool of the morning, then serve it piping hot and deliciously oven-fresh on pre-warmed plates, hours later!

Beautifully finished in chrome and enamel. Fitted with built-in power-point for Electric Jug, Percolator, etc., plus fold-back table top lids, which can be used as a table for quick snacks.

**Hawkins ELECTRIC IRON**

The new, streamlined, light-weight iron with Automatic heat-controlled Fabri-Dial. Ironing drudgery is gone forever with this beauty... no wonder it's such a popular gift!

DOCTORS SAY—

**EGGS**  
are the perfect  
all-round food!

#### HISTORIC CUP FILM IN PARIS MUSEUM

Two French cameramen filmed the Melbourne Cup in 1896. Recently an Australian living in Paris heard of these unique film records and persuaded the museum authorities to make photographic prints of some of the scenes. The most interesting of these are reproduced in the November issue of A.M. Get your copy of A.M. to-day.

Page 46

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ ★ O. Henry's Full House

FOX presents a collection of five stories by American short-story writer O. Henry with overall success in the omnibus film O. Henry's "Full House."

Three or four stories would have been adequate company. Five is a crowd.

An imposing array of stars, five directors, and five script-writers have the job of transferring O. Henry's wry prose to the screen medium.

Speaking in muffled tones, author John Steinbeck delivers the narration which welds the stories into a full-length film.

Each tale has a turn-of-the-century setting. In order of preference they are:

"The Cop and the Anthem," with Charles Laughton and David Wayne as a couple of beatheads.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed

"The Clarion Call," a police drama, with Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark.

"The Gift of the Magi," a sentimental segment, starring Farley Granger and Jeanne Crain.

"The Last Leaf," with Gregory Ratoff stealing the show from film sisters Anne Baxter and Jean Peters.

"The Ransom of Red Chief," with comedian Fred Allen and Oscar Levant. Through no fault of Fred Allen the comedy doesn't jell.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Spellbound," psychological drama, starring Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. (Re-release). Plus "Another Shore," comedy, starring Stanley Holloway, Moira Lister.

CENTURY.—★ "My Wife's Best Friend," romantic comedy, starring Anne Baxter, Macdonald Carey. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★★ "No Way Out," social drama, starring Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell. Plus ★ "The Beautiful Blonde From Basbif Bend," technicolor comedy, starring Betty Grable, Cesar Romero. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY AND ST. JAMES.—★ "The Merry Widow," technicolor musical, starring Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—"Captive Wild Woman," adventure, starring Martha Vickers, John Carradine. Plus "White Savage," technicolor adventure, starring Jon Hall, Maria Montez. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ O. Henry's "Full House," dramatised short stories, starring Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain, David Wayne. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Five Fingers," spy drama, starring James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. Plus ★ "New Mexico," Aniso-color Western, starring Lew Ayres, Marilyn Maxwell. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—★ "The Outlaw," Western, starring Jane Russell, Jack Buetel. (Re-release.) Plus "Bodyguard," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.

PLAZA.—★★ "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Something To Live For," drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Fontaine, Teresa Wright. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Dreamboat," romantic comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers. Plus ★ "The Narrow Margin," thriller, starring Charles McGraw.

SAVOY.—★★ "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)

VARIETY.—★★ "Crosswinds," technicolor adventure, starring John Payne, Rhonda Fleming. Plus ★ "Monkey Business," Marx Brothers' comedy. (Re-release.)

#### Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Death of a Salesman," social drama, starring Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, Cameron Mitchell. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"The Brigand," technicolor melodrama, starring Anthony Dexter, Judy Lawrence. Plus "A Yank in Indo-China," wartime drama, starring John Archer, Jean Wiles.

STATE.—"It Grows On Trees," comedy, starring Irene Dunne, Dean Jagger, Joan Evans. Plus "Just Across the Street," romantic comedy, starring Ann Sheridan, John Lund.

VICTORY.—"Valley of Eagles," British drama, starring Jack Warner, Nadia Gray, John McCallum. Plus "Second Face," drama, starring Ella Raines, Bruce Bennett.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

Did you  
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yourself  
this morning?



I did: PROTEX  
is my  
favourite deodorant  
complexion soap -



I did: PROTEX  
gives me lots of lather  
and a bushland tang



I did: Mummy  
said I should!

Protex is the family favourite  
because it's a fresh, clean  
deodorant complexion soap,  
moderated to guard against  
fection, yet gentle enough for  
a baby's delicate skin.



## Roz Russell turns to comedy

By LEE CARROLL  
in Hollywood

When popular actress Rosalind Russell returned to Hollywood, after a successful season on the stage, she found that major studios were not interested in starring her in a picture.

WITH characteristic pluck, Rosalind faced up to Hollywood's discouraging reception by making a film at her own expense.

It is a topical comedy titled "Never Wave at a W.A.C." and humor stems from experiences of a mixed group of women in the United States women's army.

Paul Douglas co-stars in the film, and Marie Wilson, who specialises in "dumb" blonde parts, has a feature role.

The U.S. Department of Defence co-operated by permitting several scenes to be shot at Fort Lee, Virginia, one of the largest W.A.C. recruiting centres in the United States.

"Never Wave at a W.A.C." is the second movie production of Independent Artists, the film company which is owned by Miss Russell. Her husband, Danish-born Frederick Brisson, is the producer.

The first movie made by the Russell-Brisson outfit was "The Velvet Touch," in 1948.



**ROSALIND RUSSELL** in a scene from "Never Wave at a W.A.C." her new independent comedy production, in which she plays the role of a Washington social butterfly who joins the U.S. women's army.

An intense drama, it was fairly well received, but the company lost a small fortune on its venture.

Roz left Hollywood for a stage tour in 1950, after a couple of mediocre comedies, "Tell It to the Judge" and "Woman of Distinction," both made for outside studios, had sent her popularity stocks tumbling.

Heading the Chicago company of "Bell, Book, and Candle," which smashed box-office records across the country, Roz stayed away from Hollywood almost two years.

Now that she is back on the West Coast, the polished actress who won an Academy

Award nomination in "Sister Kenny" in 1946, is using every means at her disposal to establish herself in the film industry.

With a bit of luck, "Never Wave at a W.A.C." may turn the trick. It is a wacky comedy, and there are not many actresses in Hollywood who can carry off crazy comedy situations with the aplomb of Rosalind.

Her choice of comedy was not an arbitrary decision.

"I like comedy best, and I think I'll stick to it for a while," she said. "It's more fun for me, and, I feel, more fun for the people who go to see the picture."

A candid, intelligent woman with a mind of her own, Roz believes that coming months will make or break her ambitions in Hollywood.

"I'm 40 now, you know," she told me, when I visited her home. "If I don't make a go of 'Never Wave at a W.A.C.', goodness knows what will happen. But it will be a success, I'm sure."

Although Rosalind is not as wealthy as her close friends, Loretta Young and Irene Dunne, she is not in financial straits.

According to her intimates, Roz owns enough real estate to keep the wolf from the door without her having to work again.

The Brissons — Rosalind, Fred, and nine-year-old son Lance — live in a handsome, cream-colored, Provincial-style home in Beverly Hills.

There is a large playroom in the house and an ample, enclosed yard behind it for Lance and his young friends.

Rosalind is proud of Lance.

"We don't pamper him," she said. "He does what he is told, goes to bed every night at 9.30, and walks to the local school or rides with friends in the school bus."

Lance shares Rosalind's interest in gardening as a hobby. Wearing blue denim and a man's shirt, Roz spends all her spare time working quietly among the geraniums and hot-house orchids that are her special pride.

Fred Brisson admits he's no gardener.

"Besides, two of them in the family are plenty," he claims.

Cook  
a perfect  
XMAS DINNER  
with



Available in sizes: 7 pints, with food dividers; 8½ and 10½ pints, with food containers.

Mealtimes Magic... A delicious, perfectly cooked dinner in minutes instead of hours! The world-famous HAWKINS American Designed Pressure Cooker is a thrilling surprise to give or receive... So make this a Hawkins Xmas!

### Hawkins

SUPREME

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IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

### NEW

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2. Does not stain dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
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5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

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USE ARRID — TO BE SURE!



**ARRID**

### KITCHEN DANGERS IN YOUR HOME

Your kitchen may be a breeding ground for germs. Unless you take special precautions to protect tepid food, microbes multiply rapidly in it. Meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables for home bottling should be dried, salted, and cooked in a pressure-cooker. Additional precautions are listed in a special feature, "Killer in the Kitchen," in the new November issue of A.M. Make sure of your copy.

# COTTEE'S REAL FRUIT JELLIES

WITH THE

*Locked in*  
FLAVOUR



Strawberry Fruit Mould is fun to make and luscious to eat! Make up 1 packet of Cottee's Strawberry Jelly, as directed. Pour some of jelly (to a depth of about 1") in a wetted mould. When cool, but not set, arrange slices of peaches (or fruit in season) in this jelly and allow to set.



**Snow Tops** are exciting and so easy. Make up a packet of Cottee's Lime Coolia Jelly. Divide in two. Pour half into serving dishes to set and let remainder stand until cold and beginning to "jell." Add 1 mashed banana and 1 tablespoon coconut. Whip till thick and frothy and pile onto plain jelly. Chill before you serve—then watch the smiles.

**Jelly Gems** are real favourites. Make up two packets of Cottee's Jellies (different flavours). When set, chop into small particles and arrange in serving dishes. Sprinkle top with coconut.



**Strawberry Ice Cream.** ½ Cottee's Strawberry Jelly, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 pint (6 tablespoons) full cream powdered milk, boiling water.

*Method:* Dissolve jelly and sugar in boiling water, add condensed and powdered milk. Beat well with rotary or electric beater. Then freeze.

Here in each individually sealed cellophane cube is the real flavour of plump red strawberries... LOCKED IN until you are ready to release it! You'll actually see the fragments of strawberries as you savour the tantalising, fresh-fruit aroma.

Once you've tried any of these Cottee's real fruit jellies, you'll never, never be content with any other... STRAWBERRY, FRUIT SALAD, ORANGE, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE and a special favourite, LIME COOLA—they are all delicious.

**Cottee's**  
REAL FRUIT JELLIES  
WITH THE  
*Locked in*  
FLAVOUR

BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PASSIONATE



FRESH FLOWERS make attractive decorations around the cake and fruit salad dishes for your end-of-term party. Fruit salad is topped with scoops of ice-cream. Jellied fruit-cream is a grand second sweet. See other party ideas below.

## Party recipe wins prize

Chocolate cups filled with fluffy marshmallow or ice-cream are ideal for a party table. The recipe for these cups wins this week's £5 prize for a Victorian reader.

If ice-cream is used in the cups, it should be added just before serving.

Consolation prize-winning recipes are a simple fish roll, which can be served with either cheese or tartare sauce, or cutted meat slices.

All spoon measurements are level.

### FAIRY PARTY NOVELTIES

Three-quarters cup icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1/2 cup white shortening, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Filling: One teaspoon gelatin, 1 cup hot water, vanilla, egg white, 1 cup icing sugar, 3 tablespoons sliced glacé cherries.

Combine sifted icing sugar and cocoa with melted shortening and coconut. Shortening must be entirely warmed to stop overheating spoils the mix. Add vanilla, mix well. When cool and thick, spread over inside of paper patties, then stand cases in mini-moulds to preserve shape while setting. Prepare filling.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

mashed potatoes, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more according to taste), 2 eggs, breadcrumbs.

Combine fish, potatoes, cheese, parsley, salt, pepper, and curry powder. Bind with beaten eggs, reserving about 1 tablespoon of the beaten egg. Shape into a long thick roll. Brush with remaining egg, roll in breadcrumbs. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Add 3 quarts of lemonade and serve topped with orange slices.

Cheese Sauce: Melt 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, add 2 dessertspoons flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Stir in 1/2 cup milk and continue stirring until boiling. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons grated cheese, stir until melted.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

### CURRIED MEAT SLICES

One cup diced cooked meat, 1 tablespoon diced or grated apple, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 cup water, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 to 1 1/2 cups mashed potato, salt, pepper, 4 oz. shortcrust pastry.

Combine meat, apple, salt, sultanas, curvy powder, salt, flour, and water. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes.

Line a scone-tray with pastry, cover with meat mixture. Season potato with salt and pepper, add parsley and onion, spread over meat mixture.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. H. Reynolds, "Woodstock," Howes Creek, Roadside, via Mansfield, Vic.

### FISH ROLL WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Two cups cooked flaked fish (or tinned fish), 2 cups

Bake in hot oven 20 minutes until pastry is cooked and potato lightly browned. Serve cut into squares and garnished with tomato slices and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Vine, c/- 10 Verona St., Paddington, N.S.W.

### Party ideas

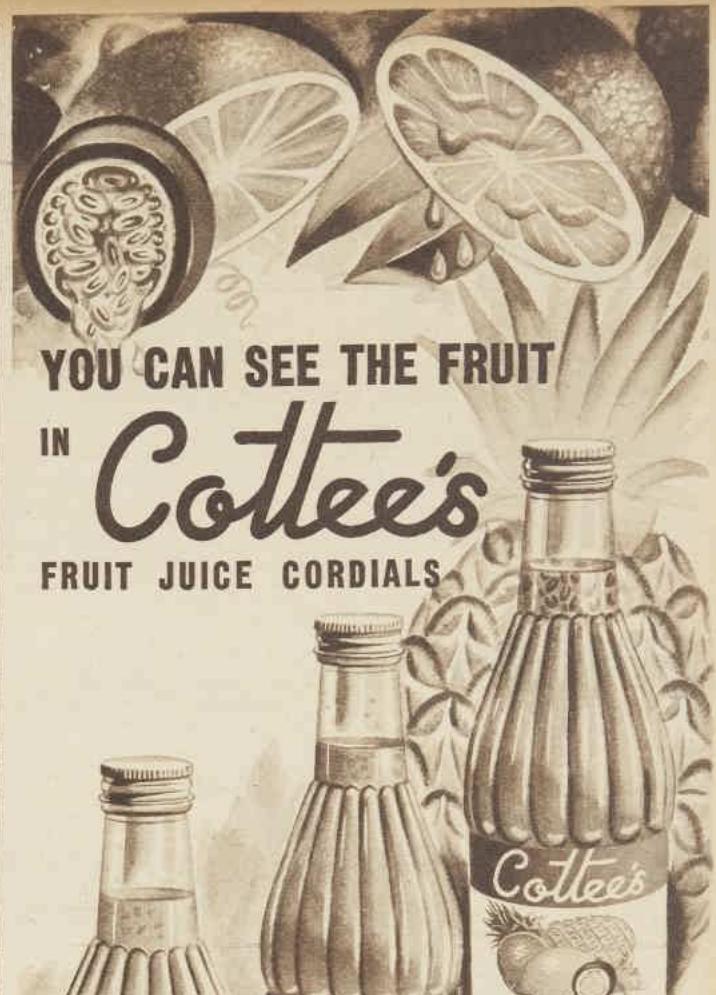
HERE is an easily-made fruit cup that is always popular. Dissolve 6 cups sugar in 12 cups hot water. Boil 15 minutes, cool and strain. Add 1 large tin of chopped pineapple and juice, the juice of 9 lemons and 12 oranges, and pulp of 6 passionfruit. Chill. Add 3 quarts of lemonade and serve topped with orange slices.

TRY this large-size improvised tray for savories and sandwiches. Place a double row of empty cotton reels along the centre of the table. Rest a sheet of glass on top. Conceal reels with ferns and flowers and arrange food on paper doyleys on top.

IF using polished tables or desks for the party, protect tops from unsightly watermarks by waxing them well beforehand.

AS a change from sausage rolls try frankfurts fold-over. Smear cocktail frankfurts with a little mixed mustard and wrap in a square of pastry. Pinch ends together or leave open as desired. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

TO avoid confusing glasses and to reduce washing up, label glasses with guests' names or initials cut out of colored paper and attach to the glasses with glue or clear sticky tape.



**Cotttee's**

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FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CHEESE MAKING . . .

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extra milk minerals to

# Velveeta

— the cheese-food  
that's "different"!

**GRILLS**  
to  
perfection!



Enjoy that "different"  
**RICH yet MILD**  
flavour  
everyone loves!

Velveeta—MADE BY KRAFT

**MELTS**  
into smoothest  
sauce!



**SPREADS**  
like butter!



Extra Flavour and extra nourishment to your cooked vegetables when you add this smooth and exciting Velveeta sauce! Simply melt ½ lb. Velveeta in the top of a double boiler (or ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in ¼ cup of milk and pour over vegetables.

SEE how Velveeta slices firmly and neatly, yet can spread like butter—when kept out of the refrigerator. For quick, sustaining lunches at home, just spread Velveeta on bread or toast. Give it to the kiddies after school . . . and, of course, Velveeta cut lunches are rich in those EXTRA food values your family need so much!

# Picnic Lunch

• Summer days bring their own compelling invitation to get out into the open air for a quickly prepared, satisfying meal.



## By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

WHETHER you answer the call of the outdoors by going to the country or to the beach, or just deciding a picnic in the garden or on that airy verandah, the meal you are going to eat is an important part of the plan.

It is important, too, that its preparation should not make you so tired that you can't enjoy the picnic.

Here are some suggestions for easy-to-fix and easy-to-eat foods:

Buy one of those long, crusty French loaves, cut it right down the middle, butter both sections, and use salami, sliced hard-boiled egg, ham, green pepper rings, and mayonnaise for filling, as in the illustration above.

Or you could serve hard-boiled eggs and orange rolls; Scotch eggs (hard-boiled eggs coated with seasoned sausage meat, egg, and breadcrumbs and deep-fried); hot dogs with plenty of French mustard; cornish pasties with cheese pastry crust; hollowed-out crusty rolls filled with scrambled egg, bacon mince, creamed fish, creamed hard-boiled eggs, and asparagus or celery, or any of your favorite savory fillings.

For the sweets course, if you are making the break from home, ice-cream can be packed in a wide-necked vacuum flask. In a jar take a fruit sauce or thick fruit puree to spoon on top of the ice-cream. Fruit salad, trifles, and mousse (that don't melt quickly) can be prepared at home and taken along.

A tea-cake or tea-bread that can be spread with butter is a good addition to the basket. Biscuits that don't crumble easily and firm-textured cakes carry best.

Pack soft fruit and fruit salad in glass jars or plastic boxes. Salad dressings are best taken in screw-top plastic or glass jars. Don't use metal screw-tops. The acid in the mayonnaise corrodes them.

Tea and coffee can be made in a billy over a fire or carried in vacuum flasks. Take milk

FRESH AIR and sunshine pep up appetites, and what could be more satisfying than chunks of buttered bread-roll topped with ham, salami, hard-boiled egg, mayonnaise, and green pepper, as illustrated above, and eaten in the garden. The same lunch is easily packed, using lighter mugs and dishes.

separately. Fruit cordials are refreshing, but pure fruit juices have more food value.

If you must have sandwiches, make the fillings as interesting as possible: Sliced gherkins and finely chopped nuts; peanut butter, sliced apple, and chopped fried bacon; cream cheese and tart orange marmalade; mayonnaise and chopped olives; chopped hard-boiled eggs moistened with mayonnaise (add chopped celery to some, curry powder to others); grated cheese and chopped celery bound with mayonnaise; flaked fish or minced rabbit or chicken moistened with mayonnaise and a little shredded lettuce on top; cream cheese and devilled ham delight or luncheon sausage.

Use both wholemeal and white bread and try joining one slice of each together. Remember to use day-old bread. It cuts and packs better. Spread softened butter or margarine right out to the edges so that the sandwiches don't separate.

Add variety by flavoring some of the butter or margarine with onion juice or a very faint hint of garlic.

Wrap the sandwiches in greaseproof paper and then a damp cloth or a piece of clear plastic. Carry in an airtight tin if possible.

A word of warning: Avoid foods which are very salty or spicy. Fresh air always makes people thirstier, just as it makes them hungrier. The recipes which follow are for excellent picnic fare.

### FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon (more than level) golden syrup, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 cup flour,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mixed fruit.

Cream shortening and sugar with orange rind. Add eggs one at a time; beat well. Add half the milk mixed with the golden syrup,

then fruit and flour sifted with baking powder, salt, spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Lastly fold in unsifted wholemeal flour and balance of milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, lined with one layer of paper. Bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours. Allow to stand in tin for 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. Ice if desired with lemon or orange flavored butter icing.

### ORANGE TEA-CAKE

One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon finely chopped candied peel.

Separate white from yolk of egg. Beat white stiffly, add sugar gradually and continue beating until thick. Add yolk and mix well. Stir in milk, orange rind, and peel, and lastly fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then melted butter or substitute. Bake in greased 8in. sandwich-tin in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

If desired, brush top sparingly with honey and sprinkle with grated orange rind and chopped nuts (peanuts are best). Serve split and buttered.

### CHOCOLATE MELTING MOMENTS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. icing-sugar, vanilla, 2oz. cornflour, 2oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cocoa blended with a little milk.

Cream butter or substitute with icing-sugar and vanilla. Work in sifted cornflour, flour, baking powder, and salt. Shape half into small balls, place on greased tray, flatten with a fork. Work cocoa into balance, shape in same way. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cold join a dark and a light with lemon-cream filling.

Lemon-cream Filling: Cream 1 tablespoon butter with 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix well.

### OAT COOKIES

One and a half cups rolled oats,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, chopped nuts.

Sift flour, spice, and salt. Add rolled oats, lemon rind, and brown sugar. Melt shortening in boiling water, add golden syrup, lemon juice, and bicarbonate of soda. Stir until soda is dissolved. Add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Leave standing 10 minutes, then drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased trays. Sprinkle with a few chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Loosen cookies on trays with knife, then cool on trays. Store in airtight tin.

### COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk.

Melt butter or substitute; add beaten eggs, milk, sugar, salt, and mustard. Stir in vinegar a little at a time. Stir over gently boiling water 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly. Stir gradually into condensed milk in basin. When well mixed bottle in screw-top jar, keep in refrigerator until required.

### CORNISH ROLL

One and a half pounds topside or round steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. lamb's fry or liver, 2 rashers bacon, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 large carrot, 1 egg.

Wash fry or liver, soak in warm salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Mince steak or chop finely, mix with chopped liver, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and chopped bacon (rind removed). Beat egg, add sauces. Add to meat with parsley and scraped and grated carrot, mix well. Mould into a long roll. Rinse a pudding cloth with hot water, wring out well, sprinkle with flour. Place roll in centre, tie both ends securely. Plunge into boiling water, boil for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove from water, leave to cool. When cold, remove from cloth and roll in dry breadcrumbs. Serve sliced.

# "Can I insure my cake against failure?"

Indeed you can! Here Martha Cromwell tells you how—

When you close the oven door there's little more you can do except wait . . . wait for the oven temperature and your rising ingredient to decide whether this one will be a success or a flop.

Oven temperature can be controlled, but what of the rising ingredient? Too often precious ingredients like eggs, butter and fruit are wasted because of its faulty action. If you want to leave chance out of your baking, and for the life of me I cannot see why anyone wouldn't, keep this in mind:

*Self-raising flour and baking powder containing Cream of Tartar are inexpensive insurance against baking failure.*

The only natural rising ingredient is Cream of Tartar. Made from pure grapes, it preserves the natural flavour of your bakes and leaves no unpleasant after-taste.

## What to look for when you buy self-raising flour

Take my advice and be particular about the self-raising flour you buy. Cheap self-raising flour is false economy. The few pennies saved on poor quality flour can quite easily cause the loss of a cake worth shillings.

The rising ingredient contained in the self-raising flour is well worth consideration, too. Its action will affect the flavour, colour and texture of your bakes. When next you buy self-raising flour, look for the words "Contains Cream of Tartar." Clearly marked on the packet, it's your guarantee of first-class quality.

## Why many recipes specify baking powder

Overseas and Australian recipes often specify baking powder for aeration or rising. This is

done for a purpose. These recipes are carefully developed so that all ingredients are in correct balance. So use baking powder when the recipe says so, for only by doing this can you be sure of best results.

Quite frankly, I use only a Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. I find it gives better rising and is always fresh, economical and easy to use.

Cream of Tartar Baking Powder has many other uses, too. Try this when preparing to-night's dinner. Add a teaspoonful, for an ordinary four-person serving, to your mashed potatoes. And at breakfast, add a teaspoonful when cooking the porridge. You'll be delighted with the results.

## What is good aeration or rising?

Food chemists and home science experts recommend Cream of Tartar because it's the only balanced rising ingredient. Its balanced action allows the natural flavour and colour of the ingredients to predominate and ensures a good baking. An unbalanced rising action leaves an edgy and unpleasant chemical after-taste and a poor colour in cakes and scones. As the dough is being mixed, Cream of Tartar commences a gentle rising action. It softens the gluten, improves the dough and holds the rising until completed in the oven.

If you cannot obtain self-raising flour or baking powder containing Cream of Tartar, just write to Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 80, Parramatta, N.S.W., naming your grocer.

Cream of Tartar self-raising flour and baking powder is plentiful and is available from manufacturers of high grade brands, but be careful to look for the words "Made from pure Cream of Tartar." Every storekeeper in Australia can obtain ample supplies.



## CARD-TABLE COVER



ATTRACTIVE COVER for your worn card-table top can be made from felt. It would also make a nice Christmas gift for a card-playing friend.

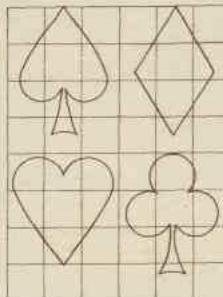
THIS card-table cover, which can be made in an hour, is a sensible and a long-lasting gift idea. Both cover and decorative ace motifs are made of felt.

Materials: 1½yds. green felt, 36in. wide; scraps of red and black felt.

To make patterns of motifs, draw a diagram with one square to one inch.

Cut one piece in green felt 30in. square for top; cut 4 pieces in green felt each 30in. by 2½in. for sides; cut 1 heart and 1 diamond in red felt and 1 spade and 1 club in black felt.

To Make: Stitch the four side strips together to form one long strip. Pin strip to square top with edges even and raw edges meeting at one corner; stitch in position and



MOTIFS for cover can be cut from enlargements of this diagram. Scale: one square equals one inch.

stitch raw ends together at corner.

Pin and slip-stitch each motif in position as shown in photograph.



## ALL UNDER-ARM HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

If you want to look glamour all summer, make Veet your beauty "must." For Veet removes "creams away" every last superfluous hair. And with Veet there's no risk of razor cuts or scrapes. No stings! No redness! No growth. Skin is left velvety smooth and hair-free. Remove ugly, unwanted hair in a definite charm killer. See an Veet. Successful results are guaranteed with Veet cream or Veet refresher.



## EVEN IN COLD WEATHER

woolies make you uncomfortable. That's because they're not warm. Now, with Veet, you're off to the races. Smooth skin is a charm killer.

VEET removes hair like magic AT CHEMISTS AND STORES



## 15 hairstyles for 3½

QUICKSET WITH CURLER. Give YOUR hair new silkiness, lowness and have pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Carlyper*—squeeze *Carlyper* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrations *Carlyper* for 3½d from your chemist or druggist. QUICKSET WITH CURLER

CHINA



## Prevents "Wind" Pains

NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each meal is the ideal preventive for wind pains and acidity. It helps to restore active nervous system habits, too. NYAL MILK of Magnesia is smooth, even pleasant to take—safe and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or flavor in 6oz. 2½, 12 oz. 3½. All chemists.



## NYAL MILK of MAGNESIA

NYAL MILK of Magnesia after each meal is the ideal preventive for wind pains and acidity. It helps to restore active nervous system habits, too. NYAL MILK of Magnesia is smooth, even pleasant to take—safe and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or flavor in 6oz. 2½, 12 oz. 3½. All chemists.

NYAL MILK of MAGNESIA

NYAL MILK of MAGNESIA</p



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With Kotex you get extra comfort and extra protection and its deserved popularity makes it possible for you to have it at this new low price.

Ask for Kotex at stores and chemists and receive it in the famous two-blue box or plain wrapped to take away.

**ONLY KOTEX HAS THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**  
"SAFETY CENTRE" for protection.  
FLAT PRESSED ENDS that show no revealing outlines.  
EXTRA SOFTNESS that does not lose its shape.

**KOTEX**  
for greater comfort and protection

Grocer Sam says:

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ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

Swift Australian Company (Pty) Limited  
MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF FAMOUS FOOD PRODUCTS  
S.M.F.T.C.L.

## Summer bonnet



PRETTY bonnet to make for the Christmas holidays. It can be gathered at the back and neatly bound or hemmed and threaded with a piping drawstring for easy laundering, as the sketch below shows. Chin ties can match the drawstring.

THIS shady bonnet made from white pique, lined with a contrasting color, and tied under the chin will delight a small girl.

**Materials:** Quarter-yard white pique 36in. wide; 1yd. contrasting pique 36in. wide; 2yd. stiff muslin 36in. wide; 2½yds. ribbon 1in. wide to match contrasting pique.

**The Pattern:** Draw a circle with radius 7½in. on a sheet of paper. Cut out the circle, fold in halves and cut into two semi-circles (see diagram).

**To Cut:** Cut one semi-circular section for the crown in white pique. Cut 4 semi-circular sections for the brim, one in white pique, one in contrasting pique, and 2 in muslin. For the binding, cut one bias strip 9½in. by 1½in. in white pique.

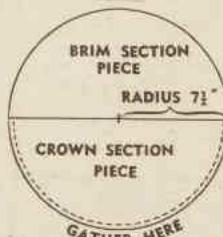
**To Make:** Half-inch seams are allowed all round. For the brim, pin two muslin sections to wrong side of white pique section and baste together. Pin these pieces to the contrasting brim section, right sides together, and baste and stitch along the curved edge.

Trim seam allowance to ½in and trim muslin close to stitching line. Snip in seam allowance at intervals; turn right side out and press.

Run a gathering stitch along curved edge of crown section and draw up to measure 9½in. Pin binding to gathered edge of crown, baste, and sew with gathers evenly spaced. Turn under binding and slip-stitch on wrong side.

Pin straight edge of crown to straight edge of top brim only, including muslin sections, with right sides together, and stitch. Press seam towards brim.

Turn under and crease straight edge of contrasting underbrim and slip-stitch in position. Turn bonnet right side out. Pin ribbon over seam of bonnet with three loops at each side, leaving ribbon ends free to tie under chin. Sew in position and cut each ribbon end slantwise.



MADE from two half-circles, the brim section of the bonnet is stiffened and the crown section is gathered at the back.

**HEALTHY TEETH**  
By SISTER MARY JACOB  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

AN important asset for your developing toddler is a set of strong, pearly, evenly spaced teeth.

To ensure good teeth, care must first be taken during pregnancy. The mother's health should be carefully watched and her diet should contain an abundance of vitamins, as well as calcium and other mineral salts.

A well-balanced diet for the weaned baby and toddler, with a correct proportion of hard foods to encourage mastication, will contribute to a healthy set of teeth.

A leaflet dealing with the care of teeth can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with request.

Look at your skin... others do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with  
**REXONA SOAP**

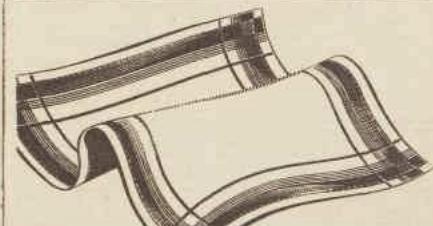
You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is specially medicated with Cetyl\* to restore the skin to natural loveliness.

\* Cetyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cetyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



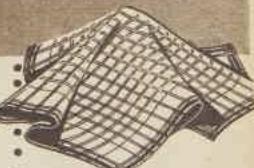
SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE

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Sealed in its hygienic cellophane wrapper, a Polo Handkerchief is always ready for instant use—unsoiled by dust or handling.

\* Polo Handkerchiefs are available singly or in attractive gift boxes of three.



**POLO... THE CLASSIC HANDKERCHIEF**

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Page 53

# A Betty King Recipe Feature

Noted Home Economist of World Brands Pty. Ltd.



## More delicious ice cream for less money

MAKE TWO FULL TRAYS FROM ONE PACKET OF MELLAH!

Mellah ice-cream is so simple to make — and so delicious. Yet it costs less than any other ice-cream you can buy. Choose one of the three Mellah flavours, Chocolate, Vanilla or Caramel — and serve creamy Mellah ice-cream tonight!

### MELLAH ICE CREAM

**Make up** 1 packet Mellah Dessert with milk, as directed on package. **Stir in** 2 level tablespoons sugar.

**Mix in** one of the following:  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk (Carnation Brand or other similar unsweetened condensed milk), or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup powdered milk blended with 6 tablespoons cold milk, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fresh cream or 1 tin (4 oz.) reduced cream.

**Pour** into freezing tray. **Freeze** till set to about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in from sides of tray. **Beat** till thick and creamy and twice original volume. **Freeze** quickly till firm, then adjust refrigerator control to keep ice cream firm without over-freezing.



## This Xmas— thrill them again with this famous Copha Xmas Cake

NO  
TEDIOUS CREAMING  
NO EGG-BEATING  
JUST MELT'N'MIX  
WITH COPHA

Make your cake for Christmas now, and make it so easily with the Copha Melt'N'Mix method. This way you save tiresome creaming and egg-beating. You cut cake-mixing time in half. And Copha is the most economical shortening you can use because it goes further. You need less Copha than any other shortening.

### CHRISTMAS CAKE

**Ingredients:** 8 ozs. Copha, 8 ozs. brown sugar, 5 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, 2 ozs. self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 2 level teaspoons spice, 1 tablespoon coffee essence or Parisian Essence, 2 pkgs. (1/4 lbs.) mixed fruit, 4 lbs. chopped dates or prunes, 2 ozs. crystallised cherries, 2 ozs. blanched almonds, 4 ozs. glazed apricots, candied peel, 1 lb. canned pineapple, 5 tablespoons rum, sherry or brandy.

**Preparation:** 1. Line a cake tin (8" round or 7" square) with brown paper, then greaseproof paper.

2. Prepare all fruit and nuts and place in a basin with the rum or sherry. Mix well.

3. Place sugar, eggs, coffee essence and half the sifted flour, salt, and spice in a large mixing bowl.

**Now Melt:** Place Copha in a saucucer, chop roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot — test with your finger tips.

**And Mix:** Pour Copha onto ingredients in mixing bowl. Add remaining flour and mix well. Add remaining flour alternately with fruit, mixing with a wooden spoon to combine thoroughly. Place mixture in prepared tin. Place in an oven, barely moderately hot (300°F.) and bake in a slowly decreasing heat 2½ to 3 hours.

Leave cake in tin standing on a cake cooler till quite cold. Frost with white frosting and decorate as desired.

Compliments  
of the season to  
you and your  
family from

Betty King

Address all correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.



WB24.WW143C

## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are victims of memory-destroying water.

LORO: Ruler of Lethe, rescues PRINCESS NARDA: And tells her of his invention — a powder which, added to Lethe's

water supply, robs the population of memory. Narda substitutes salt for the powder in an effort to free Mandrake and Lothar, but at the end of a week there is no change in Lethe, and maids prepare her for marriage to Loro. NOW READ ON:



NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE!

You can  
say  
yes to  
Romance

# PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by scientist Dr. Early, owner of Xperiments Inc., when blueprints of his invention are stolen. The thief, manager of Xperiments, Roy Adger, frames Sally Dale, and promises to hide her while he "clears her name." Mason tells his secretary, Della, to search Sally, and they go to an adjoining room while Adger leaves on the pretext of locking up the office.



RHYMES WITH "SNAP" "CRACKLE" & "POP"



HARRY'S TUMMY  
(NEVER RESTIN')



OFTEN GAVE HIM INDIGESTION



'TIL WE SOLVED HIS BREAKFAST TROUBLES



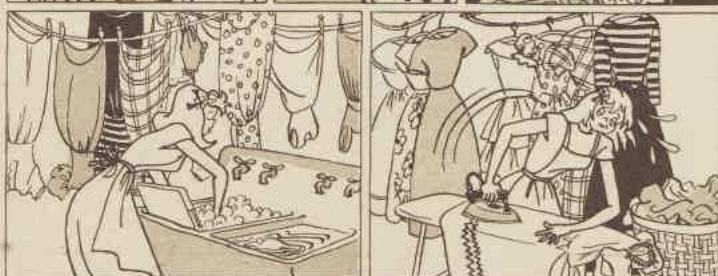
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OF CRISP RICE BUBBLES



Enjoy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning and you'll soon lose that heavy, dull mid-morning feeling. You'll get up from your breakfast table feeling snappy and gay—and you'll feel that way for the rest of the morning. Start tomorrow. You'll love those luscious golden bubbles of flavour!

**Kellogg's  
RICE BUBBLES\***

\* Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellog (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its brand of oven-popped rice.



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got you beat



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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1952

# Try them by Themselves—or



Spread me with honey  
Or crunch me with jam  
Munch me with cheese  
Or just as I am.

*Often  
buttered  
never  
bettered!*



only  
**Arnott's make Sao Biscuits**

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